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JANUARY 1978 \$2.50

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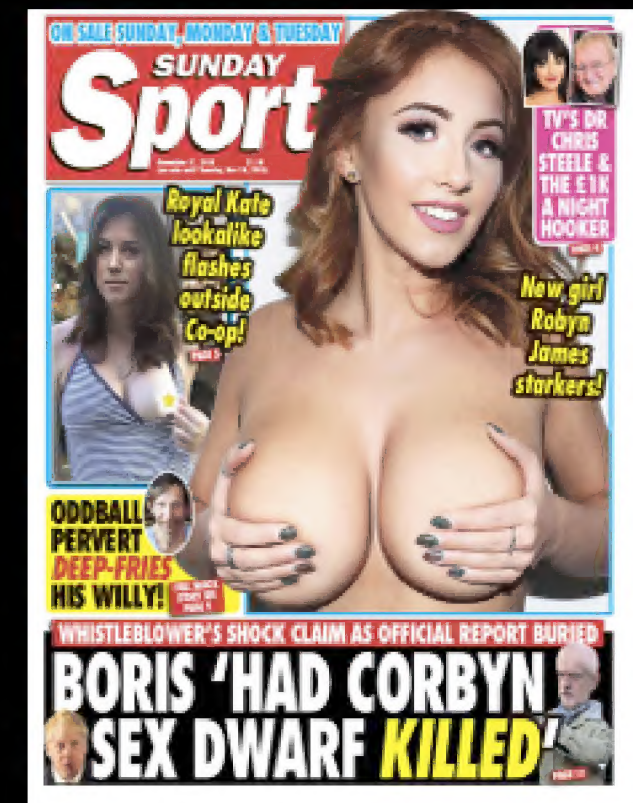
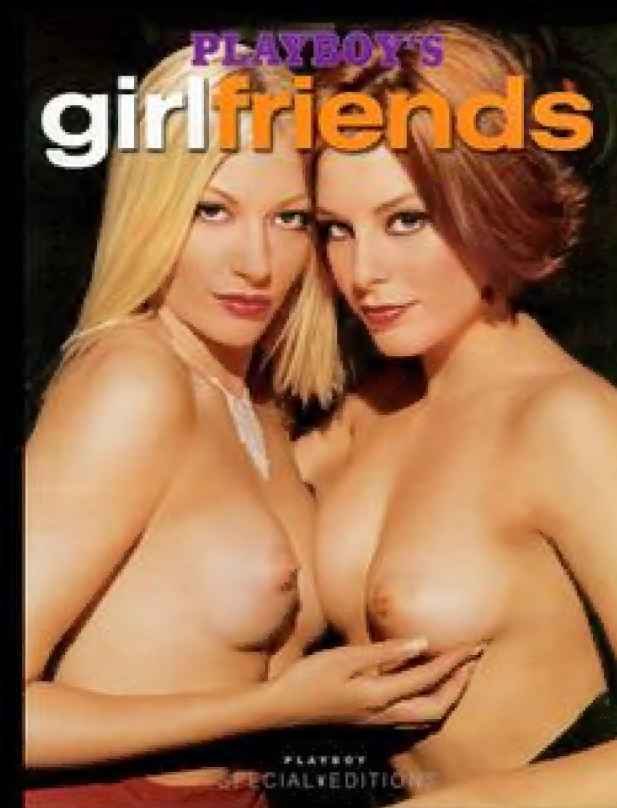
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JANUARY 1978 VOLUME 4 NUMBER 7

An exclusive from Leisure Time

Jackie O Coin



FRONT



BACK

The August 1975 issue of **HUSTLER** revealed exclusive nude photographs of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. Within a few months this issue became a valuable collector's item.

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



What's the Difference?

There are those who tell me I publish a "dirty" book. They argue that HUSTLER is "dirty" because of the candid manner in which we deal with sex and, most specifically, with sexual taboos. The taboo most frequently cited by my critics is incest.

But other printed works deal with the same perversion and are not reviled. One of these is the Bible:

And the first born said unto the younger, Our father is old, and there is not a man in the earth to come in unto us after the manner of all the earth: Come, let us make our father drink wine, and we will lie with him, that we may preserve seed of our father. And they made their father drink wine that night: and the first born went in, and lay with her father; and he perceived not when she lay down, nor when she arose.

And it came to pass on the morrow, that the first born said unto the younger, Behold I lay yesternight with my father: let us make him drink wine this night also; and go thou in, and lie with him, that we may preserve seed of our

father. And they made their father drink wine that night also: and the younger arose, and lay with him; and he perceived not when she lay down, nor when she arose.

Thus were both the daughters of Lot with child by their father. And the first born bare a son, and called his name Moab: the same is the father of the Moabites unto this day. And the younger, she also bare a son, and called his name Benammi: the same is the father of the children of Ammon unto this day. (Genesis 19:31-38)

Shocking, isn't it? Especially when you realize there are numerous cases of incest cited in the Bible *without* censure. Lot was descended from an incestuous act committed by the children of Adam and Eve. Similarly mankind could not have survived the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah if Lot's daughters hadn't had sexual relations with their own father.

But let's suppose the Bible did condemn incest. Who can show me one page, one paragraph, one line of copy that would suggest HUSTLER

has ever favored such sexual activity? On the contrary, we have stated repeatedly that an aberration such as incest is a consequence of a sexually repressed society.

Since HUSTLER does not advocate incest, what then sets apart its depiction in the Bible from its depiction in HUSTLER? Obviously the distinction is in the manner of presentation. To religious zealots, HUSTLER's open approach makes all the difference in the world. The zealots condemn the aesthetics of using words like *cock* and *cunt*. But that puts them in the position of censoring candor. Should candor be grounds for censorship? I hardly think so. And if it isn't, then how can you censor HUSTLER without censoring the Bible?

Think about it.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Larry Flynt".

Editor & Publisher

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SHOW & TELL

Cover by James Baes

Even though it's getting very brisk outside, this is the time of year when everyone seems to walk around filled with good cheer. Bringing joy is a career at which **Garrett Morris** excels, as one of the Not Ready for Prime Time Players on the NBC television hit *Saturday Night Live*. Some of the films that Garrett's acting has made memorable include *Where's Poppa?*, *Cooley High* and *Car Wash*. In addition to being a successful singer and writer, Garrett is an avid pornophile, pursuing a hobby that serves as the basis for his objective analysis in our **Third Annual Unbiased Consumer's Guide to Men's Magazines**. Finding time in his busy schedule, Garrett flew to Columbus to run wild through the HUSTLER

offices and to break some bread with the editorial staff. We grabbed him long enough for Photo Editor Frank DeLia to take the photographs that accompany his article.

As **Charles Raisch** explains in **The State of the Indian Nation**, the American Indian has been given a pretty chilly reception by the United States government. Investigative pieces by Raisch have been published in the *Los Angeles Free Press* and *San Francisco Bay Guardian*. He received a 1971 Robert F. Kennedy National Journalism Award for "Outstanding Coverage of the Problems of Poverty and Discrimination." Freelance photographer **Bob Day**, who helps chronicle *Indian Nation*, recently finished a photojournalism assignment for *New York* magazine and has also clicked camera shutters for Time-Life, Inc.—specifically for *Money* and *Fortune* magazines.

It's difficult to smile when your teeth are chattering, and



you'll be none too pleased to know the reasons **Why We're Freezing This Winter**. Author **Ira Rosen** is a *Sport* magazine contributor who served an internship with Jack Anderson in Washington, D.C., and helped break the story about the Army's experiments with LSD. The accompanying illustration by **Alex Ebel** adds some icing to this report. Ebel's amazingly detailed art can be seen in such publications as *Esquire*, and in the *World Book Encyclopedia* and numerous medical texts.

Bruce Margolius, whose story-telling talent often appears in these pages, wrote **Slider**, this month's exciting fiction. Bruce, the recipient of a degree in playwriting from the University of Utah, told us that the tale is based on a personal experience. The graphic ability

of **Jose Cruz** lends visual impact to *Slider*, as it did for *CB Riots of 1980* (HUSTLER, August 1977). Cruz wields his brush for ad agencies and also does paperback book covers.

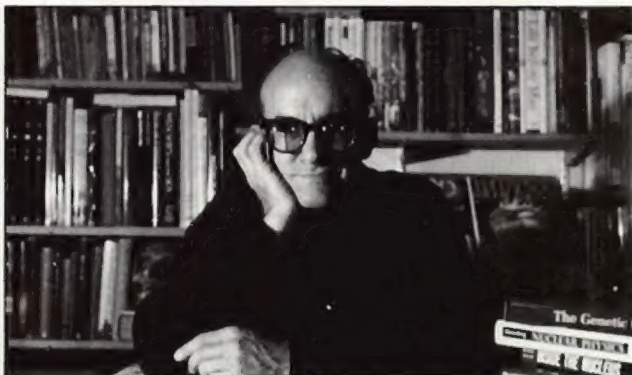
Concocted by HUSTLER Assistant Art Director **Stephen Sayadian** and his sidekick, **Aaron Kass**, HUSTLER's **Gift Guide** will be sure to induce feelings of merriment this holiday season. Steve and Aaron are the creative duo who design Leisure Time Product's advertising and our antismoking ads. Sayadian also put together last year's *Gift Guide*.

Sex Play: Eating Pussy covers the finer points of cunnilingus. As outlined by freelance writer **Sean Carlisle**, this is one act of love that will heat up a woman's desire.

So you can see why this edition of HUSTLER will melt your icicles and warm the cockles of your heart.

—ALTHEA FLYNT

Associate Publisher/Editorial Director



Alex Ebel



Ira Rosen



Stephen Sayadian



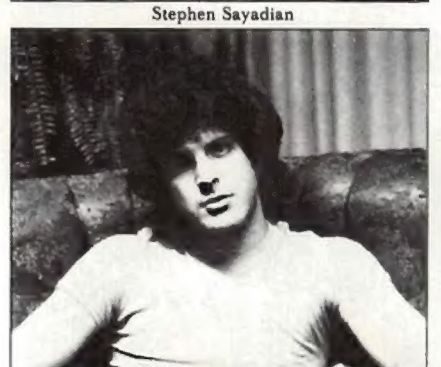
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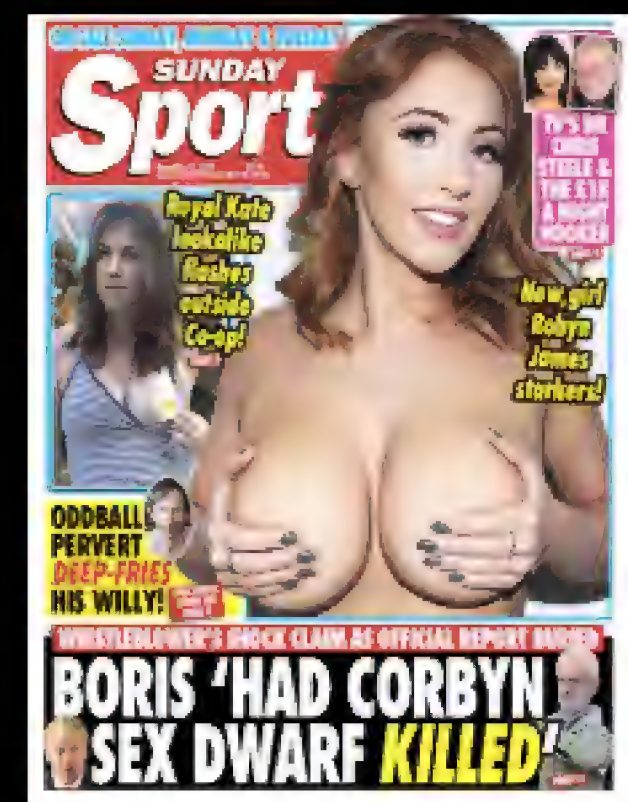
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FEEDBACK

Ties That Bind: For a long time now I've been noticing how much the artwork in HUSTLER has been improving. But I don't think you'll ever top the bondage illustrations featured in your November 1977 issue. Without doubt, Bob Bishop is one of the finest erotic artists around, and I hope to see his work again.

Susan Kowalski
Akron, Ohio

Madison Avenue Sex: I'm a female reader and I enjoy your *Advise & Consent* column and all of the other candid material you publish. I'm writing to thank you for your October 1977 *Bits & Pieces* item "Padding the Report," which revealed the subliminal sex used in a Stayfree Maxi Pad ad.

Larry, you were convicted because you are open and honest about sex, while hundreds of ads indiscreetly shove it in our faces. They appear in women's magazines and newspapers and on TV: Even small kids are exposed to advertisers' sneaky approach.

I'm not against having youngsters learn about sex, but how long will it be before people notice the peekaboo sex Madison Avenue uses to sell "things"?

Maybe the advertising people should be charged with "obscenity."

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Right On! I would like to thank you for *Men's Rights: Two Balls, Two Strikes* (November 1977). It brought the facts out into the open and—hopefully—advanced the cause of equal rights for men.

My husband had been married previously and has a son. But after being unemployed for more than a year, he was unable to meet the child's support payments. He was forced to let his ex-wife and her new husband adopt the boy.

We were very hurt to know my husband had no rights and no say in the raising of his son except one: to send money.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Prejudice or Satire? Larry's November 1977 *Statement* about Jew-baiting and racial slurs was well-conceived, and consistent with his previous comments about seemingly blatant racism in HUSTLER.

Exposure is a good way to force awareness of any problem, release repression and help us root out hypocrisy. One thing seems certain: With respect to one HUSTLER cartoon, if it had been truly anti-Semitic, the child molester would not have been portrayed as a Nazi, but as a hook-nosed Jew.

Elaine Hebard
San Francisco, California



This is in reply to a letter from Samuel Markam in your November 1977 issue. People tend to be on the defensive whenever someone makes an ethnic joke, even though America is supposed to be the "melting pot." Yours is one of the few magazines that dares to make people laugh at stereotypes and at themselves.

I don't think Larry Flynt was attacking Jews, but was making a point with satire. There really isn't any one group in America without its share of injustice and persecution. If you haven't learned to laugh at stereotypes or your own troubles, then go ahead and boycott HUSTLER!

Although it is irreverent and sometimes irrelevant, it is an open-minded publication. Narrow-minded people can't relate to anything but themselves.

Sergeant "Ski" and
the Friends of HUSTLER,
Jews, Poles, Blacks, Irish and Italians—
Americans One and All.

Heathen Rage: Regarding your November 1977 *Statement*, in which you deny you're a Jew-baiter, we all know you're full of shit. You have resented and been envious of my Hebrew background for many years. You have also been envious of my superior sexual techniques and my big cock.

The first time I met you, I recall, was when you were hustling coins at the Port Authority Bus Terminal in New York City and you said, "Hi, Kike. I wanna suck your cock." That was our first meeting and, as you looked up at me from your kneeling position, with my sperm dripping from your chin, I knew you were a typical bigot.

By the way, some of my best friends are redheads and rednecks from the Midwest. Every Jew in America should bless the fact that you, Larry, are not Jewish; this way the whole concept of pornography is synonymous with your background and not with our superior, chosen-people tradition.

Yours in Moral Superiority,
Al Goldstein
Publisher, Screw

I'm sure the readers can see between the lines of your personal attack on me. When are you going to grow up and accept the fact that despite what happened, there was never any real emotional involvement between your wife Gina and me? Our relationship was commercialized in much the same way that McDonald's sells hamburgers. When I go to McDonald's, I don't want to get emotionally involved with the chef.

—Larry Flynt

Decent Exposure: My mind went pink with excitement when I received the October 1977 issue of HUSTLER. When it comes to pink pix, you guys have never let me

down, and October was better than ever.

When I got to the article *Child Abuse in America* by Dr. James W. Prescott, my hard-on shrank up. I hadn't been aware of the torture our nation's children are subjected to. Until I read about them in HUSTLER, I couldn't imagine such atrocities.

At first I was angry that a so-called "pleasure magazine" should be giving me such displeasure. It just seemed like this article didn't belong. Bruises and swollen limbs shouldn't be shown side by side with beautiful faces and silky-smooth bodies. They belong in a medical journal.

Or do they?

After I thought about it, I realized that child abuse is a fact of life and, as such, has to be recognized and dealt with. In other words, there is no improper place for such a subject. If anything, child abuse needs to be flung in the public's face. We need to be aware of the problem, after all, before we can wipe it out.

Finally I hope every reader filled out the questionnaires that followed the article. Dr. Prescott needs all the help he can get.

Very truly yours,

R.D.W.

Sparrevohn, Alaska

As a gay reader of HUSTLER—you figure it out—I want to congratulate you for your article on child abuse. Larry Flynt deserves a pat on the back for this one. The photos were shocking and they should be effective in getting child abusers to seek help.

In the past, HUSTLER has done its best to expose readers to subjects that have been kept in the closet (pardon my choice of words) for too long. In my opinion, photos of battered children are far more obscene than those portraying pink pussies or stiff cocks. And child abuse is the kind of obscenity our misguided society could help to prevent. If

people like Anita Bryant want to "save our children," they should look no further than the local emergency ward, where there are kids who really need to be saved.

Richard B. Crystal
Barstow, Maryland

James W. Prescott's article on child abuse was so good I used it as the basis for a critique in my college sociology course. My professor seemed to think the article might have too many sexual overtones because it appeared in HUSTLER. So I contrasted Dr. Prescott's article and one written by George M. Anderson, who stated that child abuse is caused by an inability to deal with everyday frustrations. You can imagine which came out on top in my class.

I also believe that Dr. Prescott's piece may help eradicate some of the silly notions people have about your magazine.

Name Withheld by Request
Herkimer, New York

Being an emergency medical technician, I may be exposed to cases of child abuse more often than the average person. Child abuse should be dealt with bluntly and rapidly. People who abuse their children should be locked up for the rest of their lives.

Richard D. Fritz
Wheelersburg, Ohio

Chester: My neighbor showed me your article about child abuse. I was surprised to see HUSTLER informing people of such an important social problem, and was sorry to have missed your report on child prostitution (September 1977).

Then I saw the cartoon with a child molester depicted as the main character! Evidently HUSTLER takes the position that

child abuse is a money-making business. I hope your readers don't agree.

Diane Cavolo
Cheswick, Pennsylvania

To suggest we are exploiting child abuse as a money-making venture is absurd. Beautiful women sell men's magazines, not photographs of battered children.

I think you have an outrageously fine magazine. Having been an abused child myself, I can fully appreciate your fine article on the subject. However, for HUSTLER to run cartoons like *Chester the Molester* is hypocritical. These cartoons are *not* funny and they sanction child abuse. They are sick.

Joyce Dutton
Augusta, Kansas

Your October 1977 *Show & Tell* reads: "HUSTLER feels so strongly about violence against children that we wanted to report on this problem in the best possible way. . . .

"Humor & Cartoon Editor Dwaine B. Tinsley makes a point of excluding violence from his trademark *Chester the Molester* cartoons. Instead, Dwaine mocks this type of misdirected activity by painting a picture of a ridiculous character whose 'come-ons' are as outlandish as his pursuits."

It seems your humor (?) and cartoon editor not only fails to consider the ever-present baseball bat a threat of violence, he even depicts *Chester* as a school crossing guard about to clobber a child with his hand-held stop sign.

HUSTLER Magazine speaks with a forked tongue, and its sick humor editor has reached the peak in his struggle to become "Asshole of the Month."

Joseph D. Blank
Concord, California

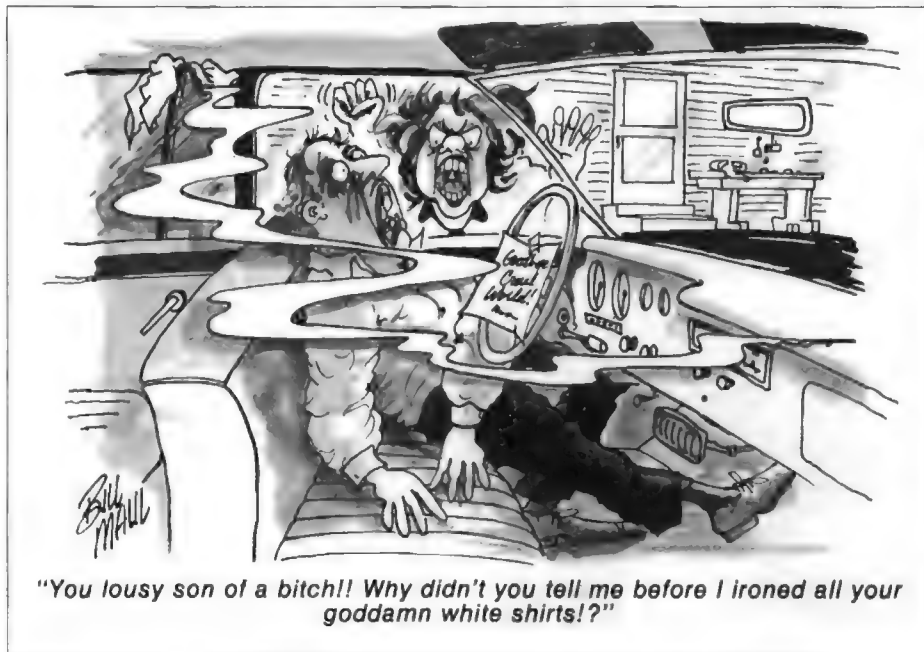
When a taboo is brought out into the open, it ceases to be a taboo. People can communicate and can understand the underlying social problems, something they are unable to do with a subject that remains "forbidden."

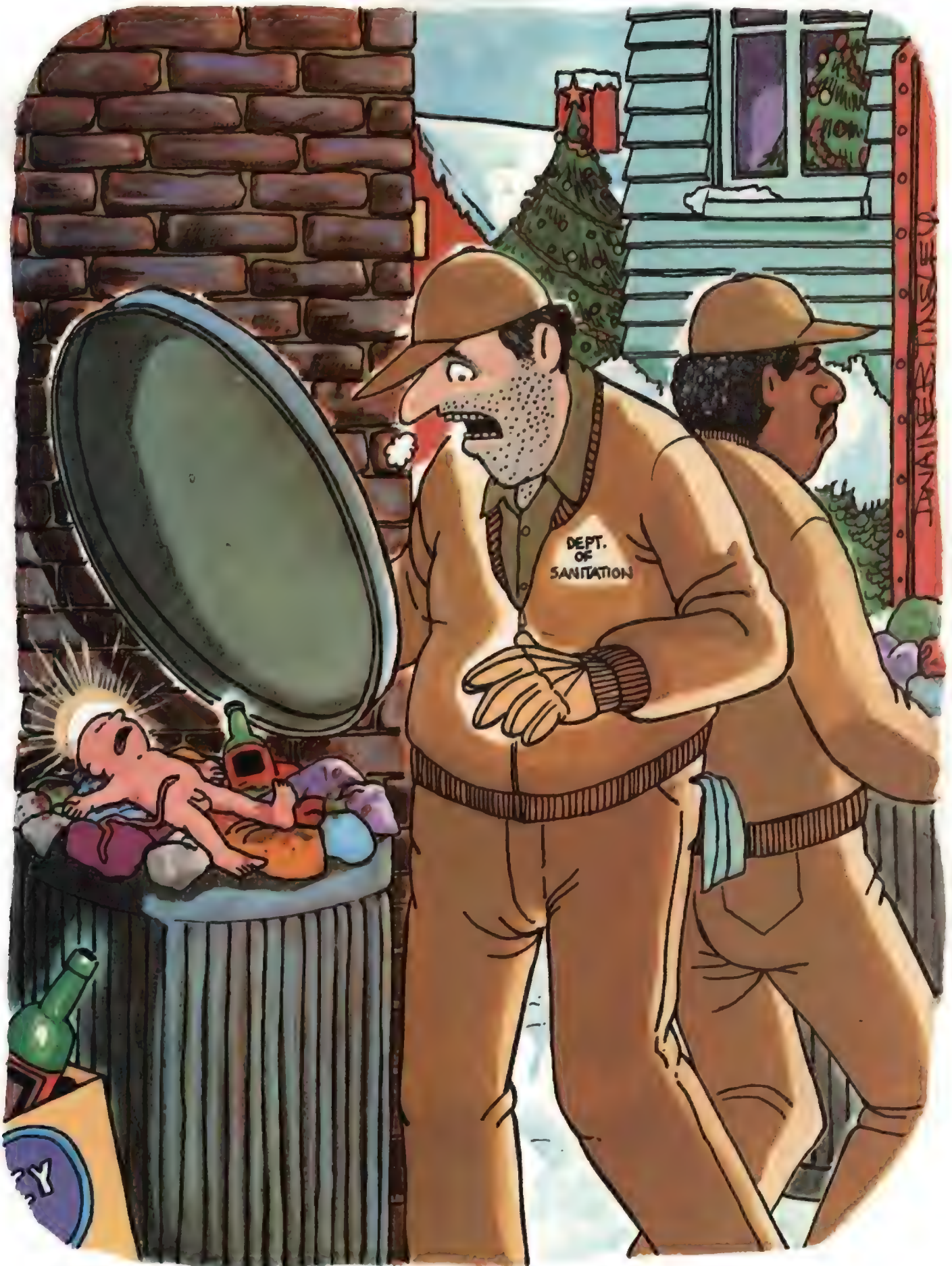
If Chester the Molester has done nothing else, he has forced us to pay attention to a malady that seriously needs understanding. In the past we have been too uptight to do anything but sweep child abuse under the rug. You have to be aware that something is wrong before you can solve it.

—Larry Flynt

The Force Is with Us: I have been a faithful reader of your magazine since shortly after its inception in 1974. I find it nothing more than wholesome entertainment, and I disagree with anyone who considers it trash or filth. I feel my own attitudes are broadening toward an unrepressed love life due to your publication.

I especially enjoy *Chester the Molester* and your ethnic humor. These features, along





"My God! And with His connections."

with your excellent pictorials, make your magazine the leader in its field.

I hope you are able to continue unencumbered by unconstitutional judicial rulings, until the day everyone realizes the value of complete freedom of the press.

Keep up the good work.

Captain Vernon Stutzriem
Markham Police Department
Markham, Illinois

Hooker's Lament: Fat cats like you stay fat because you never offer your money to anyone who would take it. Your industry spreads lies about young women's sexuality, exploits women for their time, and yet you only offer the profits to women like Gloria Steinem, Linda Ronstadt and the federal government—the biggest pimp of all time.

Our organization wants your money and can do more with it than anyone you have working for you. *Playboy*, another purveyor of women's bodies, turned down our request for a world hookers' meeting in London in 1976, as they've turned down our other requests in the past. If you would like a chance to put your money where your mouth is, you could finance a summit meeting in the spring. You could change the course of history. Go for it, big boy, or I'll tell everyone how cheap you really are.

In the Struggle,
Margo St. James
COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics)

I want to be a lot of things in life, but one of them is not the world's biggest trick.

—Larry Flynt

Butt Plugs: We are writing with a special request for an *Asshole of the Month* candidate. We know you usually pick someone with national fame, but this guy deserves some mention. Why not make him "Hemorrhoid of the Week"?

His name is Howard L. Martin and he is our foreman. He has the IQ of a radish and gets off having workers fired and suspended. We know our letter will not go unnoticed because HUSTLER is number one.

Underground Department
Louisville Gas & Electric Company

We'd like to oblige, but with Hugh Hefner in the asshole there's not even room for a hemorrhoid.

—Larry Flynt

Seeing Cleveland's Mayor Ralph Perk skewered as *Asshole of the Month* was for me the transcendent pleasure of your September 1977 issue. One could argue that Perk should not have been chosen simply because he is so low he is an insult to all other assholes, literal and figurative.

The election of rights-tramplers like Perk gives one second thoughts about the collective competence of the voting populace. Is it a total lack of decency, a contempt for

individual rights or simply mass cretinism that allows the people to reward such vermin with offices of public trust?

J. R. Kohlhepp
Cincinnati, Ohio

Luckily, Perk lost in his bid for renomination. We hope we helped to make his defeat possible.

Reefer Madness: Hey, Larry, you dirty schmuck, what's HUSTLER's little beaver doing on a pack of rolling papers (HUSTLER X-rated papers)? Those things won't be used to roll tobacco, as people like me do. The papers will be used by hippies to smoke their pot or acid or whatever the fuck hippies smoke. These hippies will be changed into vegetables, and they'll probably end up being supported by the government. Deceptive advertising! Fucking hippies! Fucking Larry Flynt!

I'm sure you're also in favor of decriminalizing marijuana, aren't you? You stupid motherfucker! From now on people will associate HUSTLER with dope. Most of your readers are good old Americans like me, but I'm sure hippies will start reading your magazine. Betcha your sales drop. Betcha you won't print this letter because you're fucked up on dope or wouldn't want to offend your fucking hippie friends.

Ernie N. Onsten
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Such a Deal? I started reading HUSTLER about two years ago and enjoyed it very much. But now your magazine has become less exciting every month. I continued to buy HUSTLER in hopes it would get better, but it has only gotten worse. I've decided I've wasted enough of my money on your mediocre, overpriced rag.

Thank you for some great issues in the past, but I have to draw the line somewhere. I've read enough of your boring bullshit in the past six months to last a lifetime. You'll never see another dime of my money.

I'm behind your First Amendment rights 100 percent, but if 1978's issues are as humdrum as 1977's, the courts won't have to worry about trying to put you out of business. You'll do it yourself.

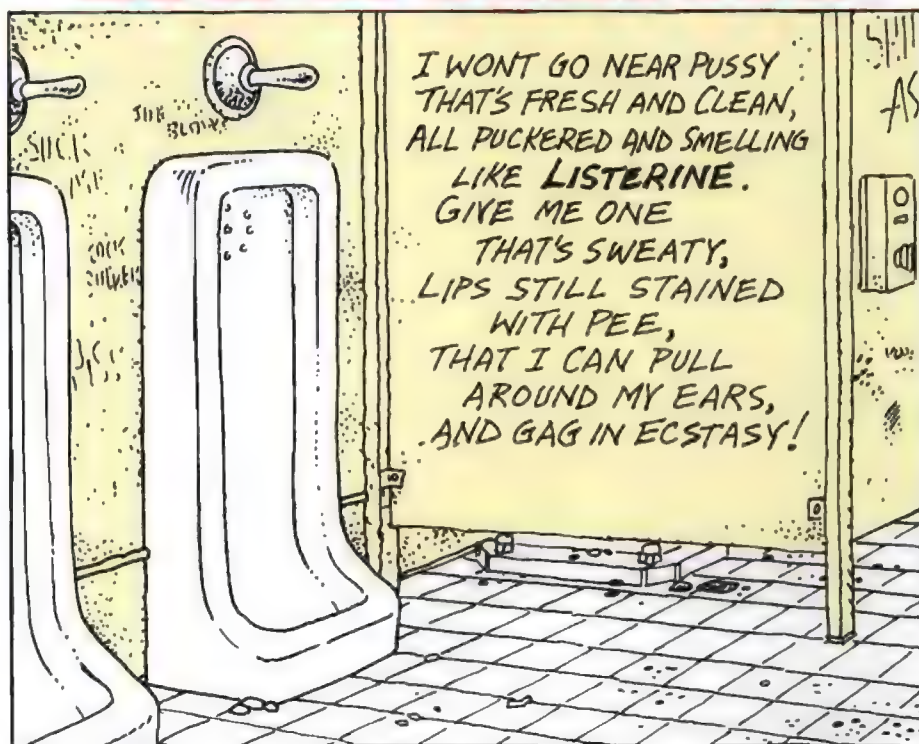
Mike Barney
Muscatine, Iowa

Whenever I get a chance to buy a magazine I usually pick up HUSTLER, and it is usually good reading. But at these fucking prices I'm going to pick up something else.

David M. Rumbert
Hammond, Indiana

Since HUSTLER enjoys little support from advertisers, the high cost of paper, printing, etc., must be shared by our readers. Inflation pisses us off as much as it does anyone else. But penny-pinching means sacrificing quality, and we doubt that HUSTLER fans would stand for that.

GRAFFITHY



THANX AGAIN, J. J. CHISHOLM, SANDSTON, VA.

Sex Bits

WORLD SEX NEWS ROUNDUP

Telerotica

40 West Gay Street
Columbus, Ohio 43215

As a result of recent rulings by the U.S. Supreme Court, the federal government routinely refuses to pay for abortions for welfare mothers or other women receiving public assistance. The only exceptions are cases in which the attending physician believes an abortion is needed to save the mother's life.

Nevertheless, the government has been quietly continuing to finance abortions for women in the armed services and for military dependents, and to underwrite medical bills incurred by civil servants of the national government. One Defense Department study shows that in the period from September 1, 1975, through August 31, 1976, more than 12,000 abortions were performed at military hospitals alone, with the government picking up the bill in each case.

This year, available records indicate the number of elective abortions paid for by the government has risen. Although no estimate of the overall cost of these operations has been made public, about 7.5 million people are said to be eligible for the appropriate kind of medical assistance under current conditions. Generally, however, each stateside military base has abided by the state abortion law in its respective locale.

Milwaukee County Judge Ralph Gorenstein has dismissed a sexual assault charge lodged against a man by two undercover officers posing as prostitutes.

Philip C. Minor of Milwaukee was accused of indecently touching one of the counterfeited hookers. In her report of the incident, arresting officer Christine Leonard alleged that Minor had been seen grabbing her breast and attempting to kiss her--all of this without her consent.

The accusation was thrown out of court by Judge Gorenstein. Speaking from the bench, he offered an admonition to the decoys: "If you want to go out there and pose as a lady of the evening--that you are available for money--then that is consent.

"There was no harm done here besides touching," the judge went on. "I severely disapprove of sexual abuse and rape. But I don't think policewomen posing as prostitutes...can claim they didn't give consent to the touching of their breasts."

District Attorney E. Michael McCann called Judge Gorenstein's ruling "absolutely outrageous" and vowed to file an appeal.

Thomas J. McCormack, president of St. Martin's Press, says his company plans to take legal action on Constitutional grounds to block the enforcement of a newly signed New York State law designed to curb the traffic in child pornography.

St. Martin's Press is the publisher of the best-selling and critically acclaimed sex-education book "Show Me." Directly at issue is a segment of the state bill that makes it a felony offense to "promote a sexual performance by a child under 16 years of age." Since "Show Me" contains pictures of a little boy and a little girl exploring each other's bodies, the book would apparently be in violation of the measure.

The kiddy-porn bill has drawn more than its share of fire from critics who cite Constitutional objections and contend that the bill is vague, unenforceable and too restrictive in its definitions as to what is alleged to be child pornography.

The much-rewritten and much-revised law is expected to meet still more legal opposition as attorneys representing the New York Civil Liberties Union and the Association of American Publishers consider independent actions.

Not Everything Will Be White This Christmas

While everybody is dreaming of a white Christmas, we at HUSTLER have a different color in mind.

Oh, it's not that we have anything against white or even that other Christmas color, red. It's just that when it comes to color, we only have one primary shade in our spectrum. That's why instead of splashing you with gaudy reds and boring whites, we've just blended the two and created pink.

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ADVISE & CONSENT

Edited by Vicki Scott

Advise & Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers to sexual questions regarding fetishes, hang-ups or other problems of a personal nature. This column is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice and care of a doctor. If you would like to question HUSTLER about whatever subject may be on your mind, direct your inquiry to HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent Editor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

The first 25 years of my marriage were wonderful sexually—it was anytime, anyplace, with fulfillment and contentment. But our last 15 years have been hell, and I think I'm becoming impotent because of it. We're both in our 60s and my wife has had a complete hysterectomy. I get no response from her when I put my cock in her vagina, even after 20 minutes of foreplay. She wants me only to play with her clit, as that's where she has the most sensation. The problem is, though, that her "coming" consists of pissing all over my hand and the sheets. When I climb on and put my prick in her, she's as dry as dust and dead as a log.

I've tried other women and have had no such problems with them. I get sweet nectar and wet, slick pussies every time. I could get all my action jacking off, but my wife still wants me to fuck her. But I sure don't like being pissed on. Are there any therapeutic aids available?

E. E.

Breckenridge Hills, Missouri

A great many women have problems with sexual dysfunctions following a hysterectomy. But such problems are often temporary. It is likely that your wife's difficulties stem simply from aging. Vaginal lubrication becomes a problem when a woman is past age 60. More time is needed for the vagina to produce its natural lubrication, which is usually very thin. Using a lubricant such as K-Y Jelly can be of great help.

Urinary incontinence (an inability to control the bladder) develops in some older women because the vaginal linings become very thin and no longer protect the adjacent bladder and urethra from irritation, especially when there is no vaginal lubrication. Your wife could have a cystocele, which is a type of hernia in which the bladder is pushed against the vaginal walls. "Muscle-setting" exercises, called Kegel's exercises, can help get back muscle tone. She should tighten the muscles of the buttocks and hold for a few seconds. Doing this about a hundred times a day (during routine activities) should make a noticeable improvement in muscle tone. And if she has a cystocele, these exercises may make surgery for the condition unnecessary.

The guy I want to marry tells me that years ago he had a terrible accident and that he will probably never be able to have kids,

but if he did they would be girls. At least this is what he says the doctor told him. I'm beginning to wonder, can an accident cause that kind of chromosome damage? Or is he giving me a line?

D. D.

Chatsworth, Georgia

You don't say what type of damage was done, but if your fiancé has all the male sex characteristics (including such things as chest and facial hair, low voice and normal-size sex organs) then an accident would not make him more prone to fathering a child of one sex rather than the other. Even if he lost one testicle in the accident, he could still sire children of either sex because normally the sperm still carry X and Y chromosomes.

He may not be giving you a line, though, if he is one of those rare men who lack Y (male-determining) chromosomes in their sperm. This condition would have been inherited and could not have been caused by an accident.

Such chromosome patterns (called abnormal karyotypes) would have given him a rather feminine appearance and small testicles. Men with this biological problem can still have normal sex relations, but they are usually infertile. You should check back with the doctor to determine if this is the case.

I'm 18 and I'm planning to marry a guy who is 21. We get along fantastically in bed, except for oral sex. I love it when he goes down on me, but I can't bring myself to do it to him. Awhile back I was raped and was forced to go down on the guy. Ever since, I can't bring myself to do it. Although I hadn't met my fiancé when the incident happened, he knows all about it. But he doesn't understand the scar it has left on me. I know

how much he enjoys having a chick go down on him and I'd really like to satisfy him. What can I do to overcome my feelings toward oral sex?

M. C.

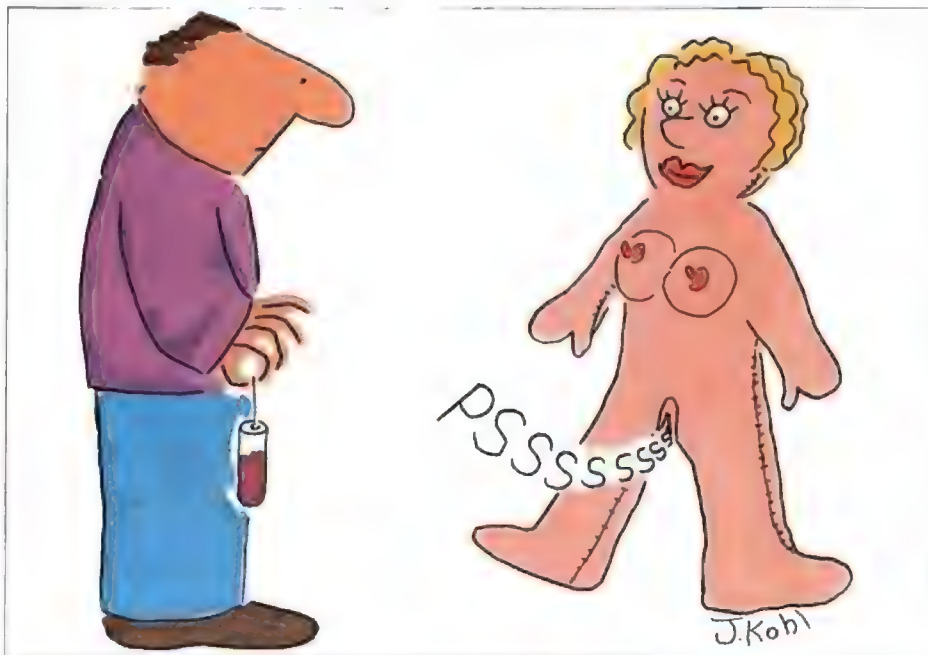
Fayetteville, North Carolina

It will take time, but the fact that you enjoy other forms of sex shows that you have not completely distanced yourself from sexual activities, as women who are raped often do. Guilt, shame or even a sense of having been "contaminated" often cause an aversion to sex after a rape.

You must try to work out your anger and sort out your feelings about the incident. Be aware of the fact that the rapist was venting hostile aggression through sex. On the other hand, you and your boyfriend use sex as an expression of love and communication. With time and the proper attitude, your problem should resolve itself.

Recently I have found myself with an unusual problem. Two months ago my wife, an avid rummage-sale shopper, bought an electric vibrator for 25 cents. After 30 years of marriage she had the idea that our sex life was declining and for some strange reason had the urge to try something new.

So that night we climbed into bed and plugged in the vibrator. She placed it on the head of my cock. I've never felt such a stimulating sensation in my life and was quick to raise an 11-inch hard-on. My excitement increased quickly and I fired a load that must have flown six feet in the air. The vibrator was drenched with jizz and shorted out. My cock was actually burned and it shriveled up immediately. My balls hurt so badly I thought they had died. I have never been in so much pain.



My problem is that I haven't had a hard-on since. Even though the burns are just about healed, I just can't erase that night from my mind. I have been to three doctors and they tell me my problem is more psychological than anything, but I'm not so sure they're right. Could my cock have died?

E. A.
Hurley, Wisconsin

In the first place, you should have been wary when your wife brought home a secondhand vibrator. And secondly, the fact that it cost so little, even at a rummage sale, should have given you a hint that it probably wasn't in the best possible working condition. Most modern vibrators are battery-operated to avoid things like shocks or shorts. If three physicians examined you and told you that physically you're fine, take their word for it. After the last traces of the burns are gone, you should gradually be able to erase the memory of the pain. Trauma such as that quite often does cause inhibiting psychological reactions. Time is a great healer.

I have a male dog who licks me out any time I want him to. I have trained him to lap me for an hour at a time, and I get so excited when he does it that I come at least 20 times. It feels so good that I want to train him to make love to me. But can I pick up a venereal disease from him?

C. B.
San Diego, California

You can pick up fleas or lice. (Don't try wearing a flea collar, however, since the insecticides can get into the skin, often causing severe sickness.) But you can't catch a venereal disease. Animals normally are not carriers of VD, although scientists have been able to infect rabbits and some kinds of monkeys by injecting them with the organisms. Instead of worrying about diseases, you should worry about what makes bestiality such an important sexual outlet for you—a dog may be able to mount you, but he will never be

able to "make love" to you in the way only another human being can.

My girlfriend and I really work at sex. We pump and pound, and we keep asking each other how we're both doing. Performing well for each other is important to us. But more often than not the two of us end up sore and exhausted rather than satisfied. What exactly is our problem?

B. R.
Steubenville, Ohio

You're working at sex as though it were a job you have to succeed in, rather than as an activity from which to derive pleasure and enjoyment. You are perpetuating your problem by what is called "spectatoring"—watching your own performance. When you stop to ask each other how you're doing, your answer to yourselves is to work harder, which only compounds the problem. Put sex back in the category of play, rather than work. Focus on the sensations and the pleasure, and don't worry about being perfect lovers.

I have no complaints or problems in my sexual life with my husband. Instead the problem is with my children—a daughter, age seven, and a son, age eight. Because my husband is studying for an engineering degree, we've had to convert one of the kid's bedrooms into a study for him. Consequently the kids share a room with separate beds. A neighbor of ours came in after we made the change and gave us a strange look. She was apparently surprised to see that I'd let children of the opposite sex sleep in the same room at their age. Maybe she wasn't accusing me of risking incest, but I'm worried. Does she have a point?

H. K.
Richmond, Virginia

Though she may have exceeded her right to meddle in your family affairs, her unvoiced fears

have some basis in fact. Although a certain amount of sexual curiosity and experimentation is normal in young children, most psychiatrists advise that children of different sexes be given separate rooms as soon as possible. Doctors fear that room sharing could lead to premature sexual stimulation and sex games, which in turn could lead to guilt and anxiety. (Incest is one of society's strongest taboos.) Psychiatrists more often express reservations about children sleeping in their parents' room, since the child is likely to be confused by the parents' sexual activity.

Your husband could study in the university library, your living room or even your own bedroom. A sofa bed set up in the living room for one of the kids could be a solution. As soon as the need for the study is eliminated, you should give the children back their separate rooms. It shows them that you respect their individual personalities and their right to privacy and modesty.

When I first met my wife she was completely uneducated sexually. At first she would refuse to do anything with me, but I managed eventually to coax her into it. But she is still rarely in the mood for sex. I've tried everything—your magazine, sex books and sexy underwear—to turn her on.

Name Withheld by Request
Canton, Ohio

Everyone has the capability of being sexually aroused if nature is allowed to take its course. Unfortunately our society seems to inflict itself with poor sex education, poor training in things sexual and a great number of taboos. It sounds as though your wife was raised in a household steeped in that tradition.

She may have developed psychological barriers that prevent her from fully enjoying your lovemaking. If you are too anxious for her to get a reaction, she may in turn try to attain those reactions she feels you want her to, rather than being in tune with her own sensations. She should be made to realize that knowing her own body and being aware of its full potentials are her responsibilities. As she learns about her "self" by reading and by experimenting, those psychological barriers from childhood can be overcome.

I am a 19-year-old guy. One day my next-door neighbor—a great-looking, 42-year-old married blonde—asked me to go swimming with her. I went along and we swam for an hour. She invited me back to her house for a few beers. The next thing I knew, she had no bikini on and there we were on the living room floor, fucking away. Now she is ten weeks' pregnant and she does not want to have an abortion. And she cannot tell her husband. What should I do?

R. M.
New York, New York

Since your neighbor does not want an abortion, she will obviously have to tell her husband that she's pregnant. Sooner or later he will notice that she's putting on weight. Are you sure, though, that the baby is yours? If she and her husband have been sexually active, it's quite possible that



she is trying to play on your fears or naivete. You should check with a lawyer to be sure of your legal responsibilities (such as support for the child) if you are, indeed, the father.

During most of the month my wife and I have a pretty good sex life. In fact, it seems we end up fucking close to ten times a week. But when my wife starts menstruating, I know I'm in for about three or four days of relentless fucking because she keeps telling me she's horny. It seems like I'm being put through an endurance test. When her period is over, she calms down a little.

Am I the only guy in the world who gets exhausted when his wife is on the rag? I ask guys at work, and they keep telling me they won't go near their wives for a week. I keep wondering what they'd do if they had a wife like mine.

S. I.
Washington, D.C.

According to Masters and Johnson, nearly 50 percent of women interviewed were actively interested in having sex during their periods. Only one-tenth of the women absolutely objected to having sex during menstruation. Many women stated that they would engage in sex if their husbands had no "aesthetic aversion," that is, if they weren't turned off by the mess.

Masters and Johnson's research also discovered that orgasms achieved during the heaviest flow are very strong and the desire for multiple orgasms is greatly increased. Your wife has obviously found a very satisfactory and constructive method of coping with what would otherwise be a painful and annoying time of the month for her.

My husband is 42 and I am 20. We've been married for seven months and had lived together previously for ten months. He has introduced me to a positively wonderful sex life. He is the first and only man who's been able to make me come. He is also the first man I've ever known who can have multiple orgasms. Once I got him off ten times in a row, though he usually ejaculates only a small amount of semen.

We would like to have a baby soon, but I have never used any form of contraception and haven't gotten pregnant yet. We make love every night. Do you think that I should stay away from giving him blow jobs? Am I keeping him too drained? Should we rest a few nights so he can replenish his cum supply? Also, have you heard of a man his age having multiple orgasms?

D. C.
San Jose, California

A man's capacity to have multiple orgasms usually declines as he gets older, but some men never lose the ability. However, your husband's being "drained" may be a factor in your inability to get pregnant. For maximum fertility (which scientists believe is about 200 million sperm), it's best to wait about 48 hours between ejaculations. Remember, only one sperm is needed to fertilize an ovum. The fluids that make up semen are con-

stantly being replaced in a healthy person, and the production of sperm is also a continuing process. If you are really concerned about getting pregnant, you may look into artificial insemination, whereby the sperm is mechanically placed in the vagina or uterus at the time of ovulation. That way you can get pregnant and still give your husband blow jobs to his heart's content.

I am a 19-year-old white male serving in the Navy. I haven't had much sex in my life, but I go out to clubs a lot. I haven't had many dates. When I was 15 my cousin and I would get it on, but that didn't last long. When I was in school I weighed over 200 pounds (I'm 5-9) and I had a face like a pimple factory. Now I've lost about 50 pounds and my face has cleared up.

I've had hookers before, but I get no satisfaction and I'm out \$40. I've got a tremendous sex drive (I masturbate at least three times a day). Why is it that I can't find anyone who likes me?

D. E.
Portland, Maine

It seems that you need to develop confidence and techniques for approaching and meeting women. The number-one rule is to be yourself. Since you go to clubs, that's the best place to start. You may be unaware of signals that women are sending out. Watch a woman's body language—a smile or a gaze may indicate that she would like to meet you or talk to you. Also check your own body language—are you sending out signals that you are bored, disinterested or insecure?

Remember, a woman usually lets the man make the first move, so you have to take the initiative. And stay calm. If she sees you're nervous, she's bound to back away.

My wife is a very sexy 37-year-old and she and I have been swinging for seven years now. We belong to a local club and have been with the same people several times before. At a recent party, my wife gave one guy head for a half-hour, while several other guys (each in their turn) mounted her from the rear. She didn't look back to see who they were. She even let one guy fuck her in the ass, and although she screamed with pain, she said she loved it. She's never even let me do that to her. As I said, we've been into swapping for seven years, but nothing like this had ever happened before. What turned her on like that?

W. S.
Gary, Indiana

Many people find wife swapping to be very rewarding sexually because it adds spice to relationships. Apparently your wife was so turned on by the guy she was giving head to that she was oblivious to what was going on behind her back. She may have been so into it that any previous fears or inhibitions about anal intercourse she had weren't even allowed to come into play. Now that she's been introduced to anal sex and enjoyed it, think of it as something new that the two of you can enjoy together.



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So you laugh it off and wait until the time is right. But, unfortunately, for some men the time never comes.

Which leaves you with two obvious choices. Either come to the conclusion that your penis is an unsuccessful soufflé that will never rise again. Or find a working solution to the problem.

LEASURE TIME's Therapeutic Aid is a prosthetic device that can be used to help alleviate many types of impotence. The aid has rolled elastic straps that fit comfortably around the scrotum, permitting complete sexual satisfaction for both you and your partner.



EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

Almost natural in appearance, the Therapeutic Aid is made of safe, nontoxic, pliable latex. It is flesh-tinted, soft to the touch and easy to clean after each use.

By using the Therapeutic Aid you can increase your self-confidence and begin having sex regularly again, without having to worry about an erection.

Physicians have proven that in the majority of cases, if a man's confidence can be restored in a sexual relationship, then there is a better chance of helping him with his impotency.

From now on, when your penis isn't able to make the performance, take up the slack with the Therapeutic Aid. Chances are you'll receive a standing ovation.

The 100%
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Please send:

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small (#0630) @ \$12.95

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Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Subtotal \$

Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax

Postage, handling and insurance 1.25

TOTAL \$

Interbank No. Exp. Date mo. year

Signature, Date

I am of legal age and I understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge. Otherwise all sales are final.

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged. Delivered promptly by private carrier. (Add \$5 for foreign orders.) Quantity orders invited.

Bits & Pieces

During the '50s and '60s, when many of us were growing up, *Playboy* publisher Hugh Hefner was instrumental in forming our moral values because his magazine presented sex as something to be enjoyed, not hidden. By simply reading the *Playboy* Philosophy, we managed to avoid the mistakes our parents made that had led to divorce. We learned to become better lovers. We learned to live richer and fuller lives. We married sexually liberated women and raised children. We made new mistakes that led to divorce.

Well, no system is perfect.

So why make Hugh Hefner *Asshole of the Year*? Because, ironically, good ol' Hef has turned his back on the children of the sexual revolution that he almost single-handedly started. It's hardly disputable that *HUSTLER* and its readers are the logical result of what Hefner launched in 1953. But this hedonistic Pepsi addict feels as much affection toward us, his offspring, as a father would toward a retarded son who had just molested a koala bear.

Probably this is because *HUSTLER* serves as a constant reminder to Hef that we are continuing the battle for First Amendment rights while he long ago buckled under the forces of repression. Sure, he maintains the crusaders' liberal facade, but it's an open secret at Playboy Enterprises that the pretentious pipe-smoker is terrified of obscenity charges. So Hef tries to hide his cowardice by attacking our tastelessness.

For example, after our Cincinnati conviction *Playboy* reluctantly ran an editorial in support of *HUSTLER* that attempted to cover-up *Playboy's* own lack of balls by accusing *HUSTLER* Publisher Larry Flynt of making a "ludicrous effort... to sell us (the public) a copy of the Jefferson Memorial made of cowshit." Flynt, said the *Playboy* editorial, "is trying to wrap his garbage in the Bill of Rights." That accusation is not only an insult to Larry, but also a slur on the professionalism of our writers and editors and on the 10 million people who choose to read *HUSTLER* each month.

Playboy's editorial is even



ASSHOLE OF THE YEAR

more outrageous in light of a desperate phone call Hef made to Larry one night. He told Larry that "there aren't too many people in this world who are in a position to do me a favor, but you are." Suffice it to say, Larry agreed to help. In return, the king of bunnydom offered to produce witnesses from the literary community who would testify in our behalf at the Cincinnati trial. However, the witnesses Hef promised never surfaced, and the *bon vivant* of smut was suddenly unable to return Larry's calls, a condition that cleared up immediately after the trial.

Since then Hefner has carried over his craven track record of dirty tactics to the business marketplace. We would have done our Scratch 'n' Sniff issue a year earlier, but Independent News (*Playboy's* distributor) screwed up our deal with 3M, a company that holds a patent on the process. It was also independent that attempted to thwart plans to form our own distribution company; they told our printers we didn't have the money to pay our printing bills. That was, of course, a bold-faced lie.

Hef's response to the stiff competition he's getting from

HUSTLER even extends into television. Hefner refused to appear on *Saturday Night Live* and *Good Morning, America* if Larry was invited on the shows with him. He no doubt was worried Larry would point out the hypocrisy that makes Hef vulnerable. It's no wonder he relates to a rabbit; rabbits are always horny—and always afraid.

What Hef doesn't realize is the continued erosion of *Playboy's* readership and the continued growth of *HUSTLER's* readership are insured by his own attitude.

Simply stated, his disciples of the '50s and '60s have learned their lessons about bullshit and hypocrisy directly from master Hefner himself. In the '70s the *Playboy* Philosophy has come back to haunt Hef like steam on a pile of hot summer shit.

In an attempt to insure that *Playboy* and *Oui* survive their competitors' economic buffeting, Hefner's people are making every possible change in the magazines' formats—except the one that could really make a difference. They have decided to hold the line on sexual candor. Believe it or not, we're sorry about this.

Unlike Hefner—who fears competition—Larry relishes it. He knows intensive competition is the best spur to making a better product. Without competition everybody loses, especially the reader.

What bothers us most, however, is Hefner's attitude toward our struggle for free expression—a struggle that affects us all, Hef particularly. But he never really stuck his neck out on this issue, not even in the early days.

Once *Playboy* was firmly established, Hef consistently pulled back whenever confronted with the obscenity question. He was content to let other people fight his battles for him. After all, if it hadn't been for *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione, *Playboy* still wouldn't be showing pubic hair.

The irony is that the guy who started the sexual revolution has been outdistanced by it. The only reason Hugh Hefner might not qualify for the honor bestowed here is that a year spent as a puckered sphincter might not be long enough.



UPDATE



**DeVERNON
LeGRAND**
October 1977

Self-appointed bishop DeVernon LeGrand, subject of our article "The Bluebeard of Brooklyn" and already serving a 25-years-to-life sentence for the deaths of two girls in his flock, has been convicted of murdering another of his female followers, Ernestine Timmons. More recently, three of Mrs. Timmons's children, who resided at LeGrand's Brooklyn "church," were removed by police and placed in the custody of their maternal grandmother. Officials said the children had been mistreated by adults living in the "church" and were in imminent danger. At press time, hearings were being conducted to determine if an estimated 40 other children still in the "church" should be removed for their protection.



**WOODY
HAYES**
October 1977

Proving that old, sex-hating football coaches can't learn new plays, Ohio State's Woody Hayes reiterated his challenge to Larry Flynt for a fistfight, as reported in Bob Greene's nationally syndicated column. Prior to being named *Asshole of the Month*, Hayes had made a similar statement. In between calling Larry "trash" and "filth," Hayes told Greene: "Well, the next time you see him, you tell him [Larry] to name the time and place. I'd like my chance to give him a fight. Yessir. I'd like to punch him in the nose."



**LENNY
SCHULTZ**
July 1976

Comedian Lenny Schultz, who was given his first media exposure by HUSTLER, has now landed a job as a regular member of *The New Laugh-In* television program. At the time he was profiled, Schultz's wacky and off-color comedy style made him a no-no in television casting circles.



NICOTINE SPLIT

No matter what pains a woman takes to make herself attractive, all her efforts can be undone in the time it takes to light up a cigarette. Scientists have proved that cigarette smoking not only causes cancer and heart disease, but also premature wrinkling and sagging jowls. This lady, for instance, takes enough pride in her

appearance to wash the duck butter from her eyes with Murine, gargle with Massengill and even trim her facial hair (she's Italian). Yet she spoils the whole effect by letting a cigarette dangle from her lips, Humphrey Bogart-style. As a result, she walks around most of the time with red, watery eyes, and her breath and hair reek of tobacco. And to top it all off, her teeth are stained. So take a tip from HUSTLER: Don't let smoking ruin your puss.

—Michael Toohey



Heads of State

As our December 1977 *Kinky Korner* pointed out, some people enjoy giving themselves head. This guy can sit on his face anytime. You see, this isn't just some prank pulled at a fraternity smoker. It's an actual tattoo that makes fun of the smile of a modern U.S. president. Hand-inked with bamboo needles in the Philippines, this living cartoon is often heard to mutter impressions of that president's favorite policy statements. They may not sound quite the same, but they have the same substance. Women, of course, couldn't care less what comes out of this stand-up comedian's mouth, just as long as his Adam's apple warbles.



IT'S HOWDY DOODY TIME

You're probably aware that most of what you see on television is pure shit, but TV producers try to cover that fact up somehow. Not so with one enterprising producer, who—during his daily visit to the

john—realized that every kid under 12 (and HUSTLER's Dwaine B. Tinsley) would laugh their asses off at shit dancing on a string. Thought turned to action, and moments later the world was graced with

a new TV puppet. We thought we'd let you in on this little secret to help give you a better understanding of the term "Peanut Gallery." We know it sounds corny, but you've seen how it all came out.



A GROSSLY INFLATED EGO

It isn't often you get to see a man in female undergarments making love to a plastic doll, but that doesn't mean a lot of this kind of thing doesn't go on. This gentleman complained

that we had never shown a love doll's cunt hole.

Consequently, he did without this luxury for years because he didn't think there was any way to fuck them.

Now he has the act down to a science and even takes the precaution of using a rubber—to eliminate the problem of douching the doll afterwards.

If you'd like to investigate

the love-doll phenomenon further, you can get more information about them from the Leisure Time Products ad in this issue's *Mail-Order Mania*, page 134.

Cocksure of Himself

During the past year and a half you've seen this distinguished character make appearances in *Bits & Pieces* as Uncle Sam (July 1976), Mr. Wimple (February 1977) and Supercock (November 1977). And every time he sends in another picture, we wonder more and more about what style of personal weirdness would inspire this kind of flashing. We enjoy the photos, mind you, but we finally had to know what kind of nut we were dealing with. So we gave Jerry Aibel a call to ask what makes a man dress up funny and have photographs taken of himself with his cock hanging out.

As Jerry tells it, he began his career as an exhibitionist partly because of patriotism and partly because of ambition. His first cock photo was the Uncle Sam parody, in which the stern-faced man stands with cock bared and painted red, white and blue with stars and stripes. That one came about because of patriotism aggravated by

Nixon, the Vietnam War and Watergate. These events bothered him as they were happening, but he kept quiet.

However, America's Bicentennial was the last straw. Aibel, driven to the brink by red, white and blue hoopla,



struck back. As he recalls it, he shouted to his photographer wife, Michaela: "They want red, white and blue?! By God, I'll give them red, white and blue!" The Uncle Sam photo was the result. So much for the patriotic part of our story.

Jerry tells us that he was painfully shy until one day two years ago when he wandered into a porno movie house for the first time. What he saw on screen electrified him, and he promised himself then and there that he would make a name playing male leads in pornographic films.

Well, it logically follows that if you want to break into movies (especially porno movies), you have to have exposure, right? Inspired, Aibel began to expose himself before millions, using the magazine business to gain his big break.

By now he has probably exposed himself more completely than anyone in history. That's the strange, true story of Jerry Aibel, porno's answer to Lon Chaney. We swear we haven't made up a word of it. So far as we know, Jerry still hasn't received any movie offers, but something tells us he plans to keep trying new roles.

—Mike Sheeter



Blasting Nuclear Arms

One year ago, when our January 1977 issue hit the stands with its major photo-commentary *The Real Obscenity: War*, we knew that certain people would be shocked and disgusted. Our intention was to spur them on to see that such a waste of human lives never occurs again. In an effort to get that point across to the Cincinnati area, a pamphlet containing a reprint of the article was mailed to residents of that city and surrounding Hamilton County. As a result, HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt was charged with distributing material harmful to minors.

Needless to say, that was disheartening for us, but now we have reason to feel our efforts weren't in vain. Jerome Grossman, director of the Affirmative Action Committee of the Massachusetts Democratic party, also feels strongly that escalation of the nuclear arms race could signal even more obscene destruction, possibly the final curtain for the human race.

Grossman is now distributing this brochure, which—like our *War* pamphlet—is intended to shock people into taking action to halt the nuclear arms build-up. If you'd like to help spread the word about nuclear destruction, Grossman's pamphlets can be obtained at no charge from P.O. Box 2000AD, Wellesley, Massachusetts 02181. They also list organizations that can provide information or action aimed at this cause. Take a look at the people on the cover and ask yourself if you'd like to have this happen to you.

THE SATURDAY EVENING PISSED



WINE INTO WATER

This is the time of year when charitable organizations send their representatives out into the streets to collect donations from passersby. These men, often dressed in Santa Claus garb, work tirelessly to draw attention to the plight of the needy. During the course of their work, they often meet new friends who also know the burdens of making money on the

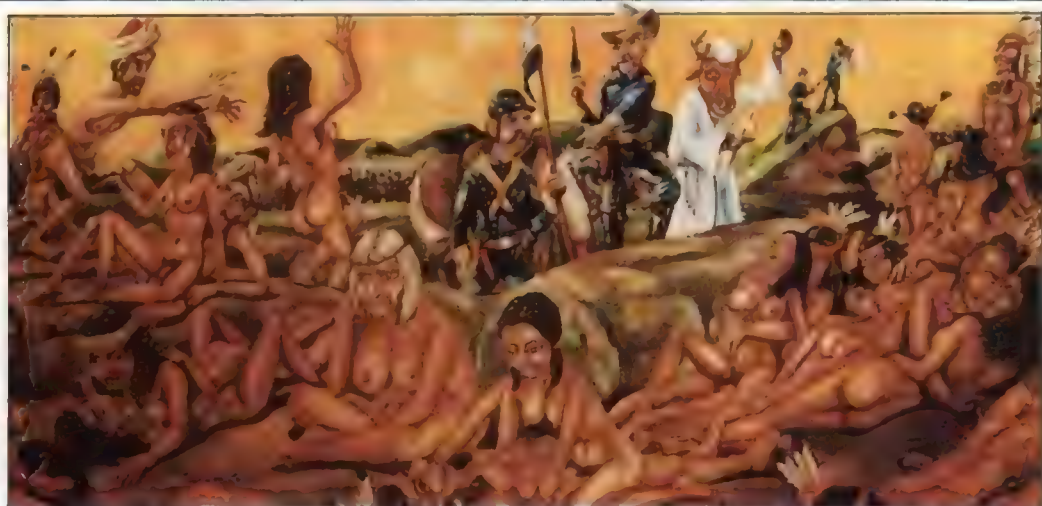
streets. Although these encounters are usually brief, they are said to be very enjoyable. However, work and play don't mix. If a sidewalk Santa doesn't pay attention to his collection pot, his day's efforts could be washed down the drain. Making friends is nice, but he has to remember that he's working to provide a better life for people who don't have a pot to piss in.



Essence of Root

Never one to miss a chance at the back-to-nature-products boom—or the big profits in sex-aid devices—Max Fucker stands proudly as the first cosmetic company in America to offer Essence of Root. Essence not only smells natural but can be applied in many natural ways—especially to those hard-to-reach places! You too can “get ready for your lover” with a quick spurt from the easy-to-hold jet-spray applicator, which comes in the color of your choice: White Knight, Black Bugger, Yellow Peril or the decorator Plum-Tipped Tool. And choose a size that fits your special need!

Essence of Root comes in three sizes: Hold It With Tweezers, National Average and Bodacious Big. You'll never be lonely once you sample Essence of Root! Grab one and feel the difference.



LITTLE BIG HORNS

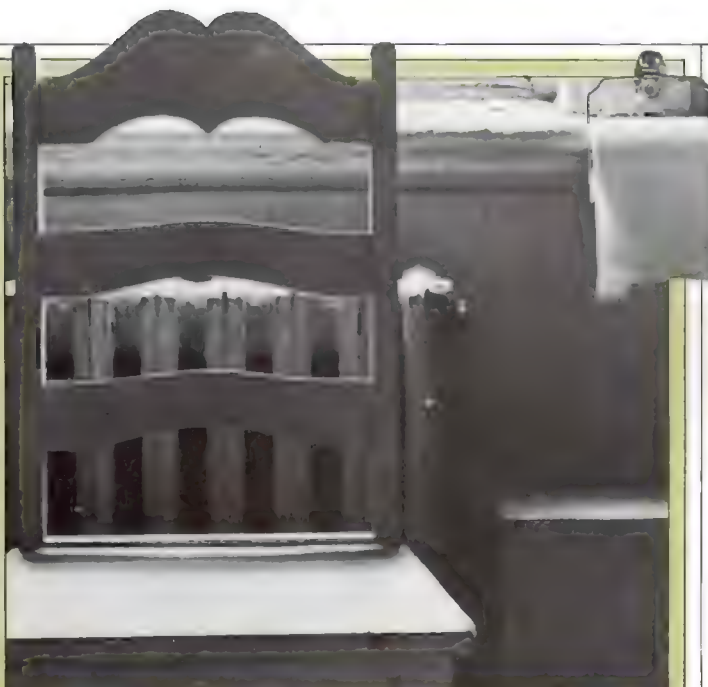
Despite the passage of time, we're still in the throes of the

Bicentennial. Here, for example, is another painting depicting a famous scene in America's history. Like much of this memorabilia, at first glance it seems to be historically incor-

rect. But we've learned that this painting isn't an actual representation, but rather an artist's concept of Custer's last words: “Holy cow, look at all them fuckin' Indians!”

Polish Toilet

Should you ever have any reason to visit a small ghetto in Perth Amboy, New Jersey—where names on the mailboxes read like alphabet soup—you may have the opportunity to use this facility. Handier and easier to install than the version found in most American homes, the Polish toilet does have one drawback. You have to wipe twice—once for yourself, and once to clean the seat.



Short Subjects

If you're looking for the new height in porno kink, you can find it in *Little Big Man*, an 8mm loop that features a man of hardly any stature—a bearded midget. After opening with the bored-housewife-and-delivery-boy routine, the miniature cocksman proceeds to perform an entire circus of sex acts with co-star Vanessa Del Rio. The mismatched pair engage in tit, toe, cock and pussy sucking, fist-fucking and old-fashioned anal sex. Vanessa gets two points for not laughing during this all-inclusive performance, and the midget proves that he is man enough to take on the best. Available in regular and super 8mm at \$20 from VIP International (P.O. Box 3496, Baltimore, Maryland 21226), *Little Big Man* is final proof of the Masters and Johnson theory that size is of little importance.



Pigskin Preview

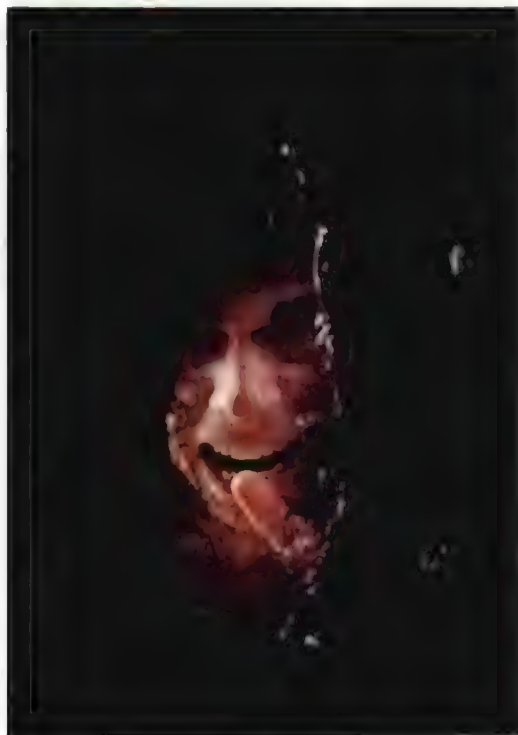
We can imagine parents discussing with their children how the baked ham they had for supper came from the butcher, and how he has a great big refrigerator full of them. Children grow up with the notion that the butcher buys his ham from a factory somewhere. It's probably just as shocking for kids to learn that pigs are slaughtered as it is to learn that

storks don't deliver babies.

Just as many people can never face their sexual problems because that topic has been repressed for so long, others can't get any real understanding of how human survival is based on the routine violence of butchering animals for food. Violence for survival, like the gutting of this pig, is a gruesome-enough sight to deter most people from the kind of unnecessary violence that claims human lives. But a photo like this also gives another perspective on the topic. Remember, we are what we eat.

WOMB WITH A VIEW

Deep inside, some women's views on sex may be different than the ones they express. We had HUSTLER Photo Editor Frank DeLia slip in on a recent lovemaking session between a young couple to try to give us a woman's views of sex from a different angle. Frank reported that he found the female more open than he'd expected, but he detected no difference in her reactions to oral or penile stimulation. He did notice a change in his light meter just after taking the second shot. But he couldn't check it out more closely: The meter and his other equipment were washed away moments later. "It was a climactic moment," Frank said dryly. But we think the entire project was all wet.





CHILD'S PLAY

Armed and ready for another day at the schoolyard, the winner of our *Chester the Molester* look-alike contest beams proudly with self-satisfaction. And why shouldn't he? He's won a *Chester the Molester* T-shirt, plus a year's subscription to the magazine that made it all possible for him.

Don't let Willy's success deter any of you other mirror-images of cartoonist Dwaine B. Tinsley's regular *HUSTLER* feature. We know there are more of you skulking around out there in the bushes, and we want your pictures. Join in this questionable Hall of Infamy and—who knows?—maybe some school board will dedicate a playground in your name.



TUNA HELPER

We've heard of girls with crabs, but until one of our staffers met this Columbus honey, we had never imagined a girl with lobsters. It isn't all that surprising, since the Midwest is a

breeding ground for all sorts of strange people. (Well, you've read about Cincinnati.)

But while this may not be surprising, we can't imagine it as a turn-on. The staffer informed us, however, that he didn't mind this chick's particular problem. It's hard to get fresh seafood in Columbus.

Never on Sundae

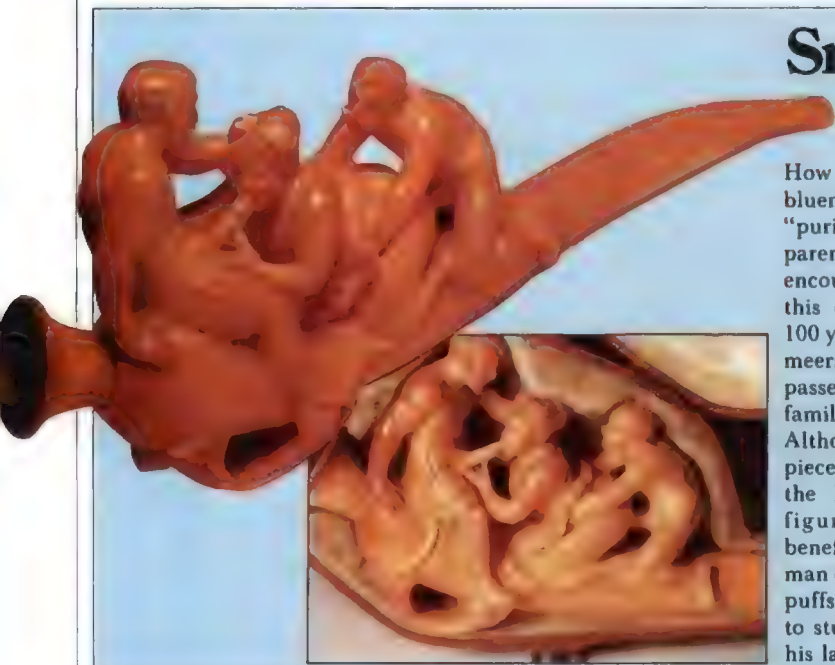


What could be more delectable than a creamy sundae with real milk? Rockville, Maryland, artist Lynn Pruitt must have had that idea in mind when she constructed "Slurpy," a combination of an acrylic cast of a breast and a cast-off aluminum soda container. Ms. Pruitt uses live models, including herself, to cast the molds for various body parts she uses in her erotic sculptures. Then she places those body parts along with unrelated items to come up with "sexual puns" in three-dimensional form.

Ms. Pruitt exhibited her work at the first major erotic art show in Washington, D.C., and has been participating in exhibits and art studies for a number of years. She reports that the talent has rubbed off on her daughter, who is a potter, and her son, a photographer who snapped this shot of "Slurpy." The only problem we can find with a piece of art like this is that it appears there's no way to have this sundae and suck it too.

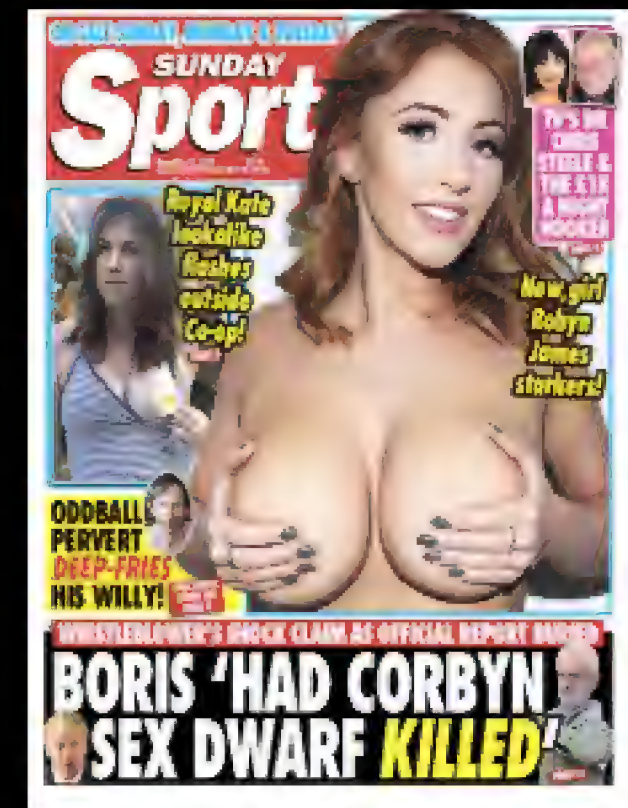
Smoldering Passions

How often have you heard bluenoses crowing for the moral "purity" of the old days? Apparently none of them has ever encountered cigar holders like this one, which is more than 100 years old. This hand-carved meerschaum piece has been passed along by a New Jersey family as an artistic heirloom. Although it's too bad that a fine piece like this is connected with the hazards of smoking, we figure it must have been beneficial to its user. What real man could take more than a few puffs off this without wanting to stub his butt and go fire up his lady?



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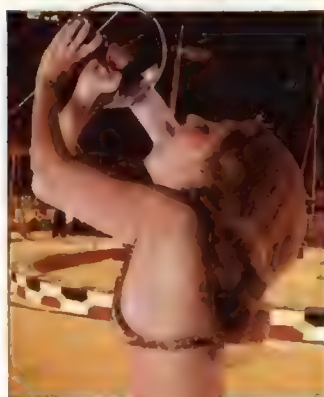
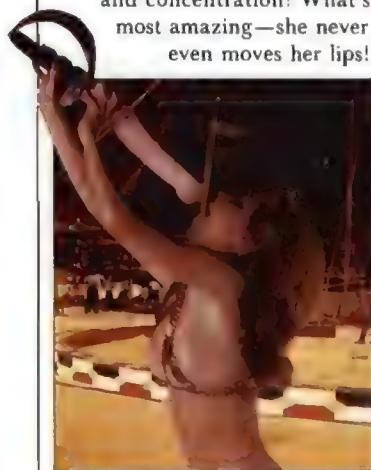


GIFT GAL

If you find her beneath your tree on Christmas day, will she kiss you under the balls?

Hard Act to Swallow

Hurry! Hurry! Step right up! Watch the little lady in action! You may have seen sideshows, but you've never seen an act like this one! Watch her swallow what few women would dare take on! Note her poise and concentration! What's most amazing—she never even moves her lips!



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

UpYourAd

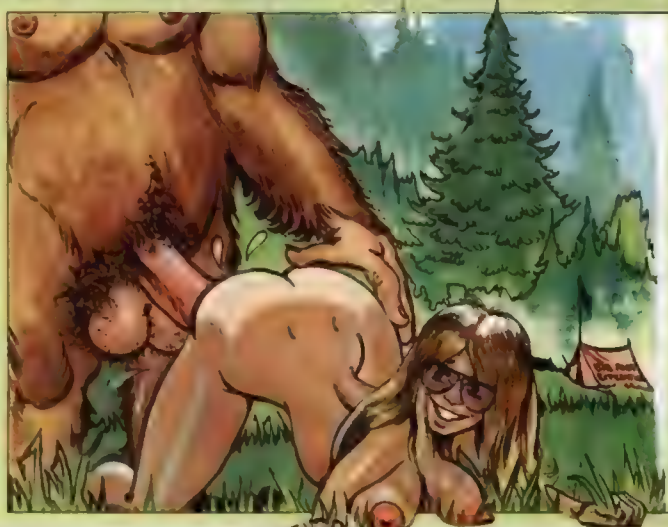
When you saw this ad in magazines or on billboards, you

might remember having seen this gentleman with two fingers—rather than one—raised in front of his face. But the reader who sent us this

couldn't resist the temptation to change the picture. We can't blame him—this is probably what the cigarette companies are saying to Americans.

MALE CHAUVINIST BIGFOOT

Rumors circulating around the offices of a famous feminist magazine have it that a certain high-brow editor there named Gloria encountered the legendary Bigfoot during a hiking expedition a few years ago. We'd prefer not to have to draw any rash conclusions, but it's rather interesting that the feminist editor underwent an abortion several months later. According to our informed sources, the fetus "was extremely hairy and had feet the size of two loaves of bread." Gloria, who wears thick glasses, said she thought she was with one of her hairy girlfriends.



Hooked on America

Today's marketing magnates—usually long on ideas but short on delivery—sell products by giving them a sexual image, even though most of the products are as limp as the magnates themselves.

Even recording companies have fallen prey to such shyster sales theories. However, Mercury Records delivers a solid product in a current release, *Young Men Gone West*, by City Boy, a five-man rock group from England.



rency. From the background it is conceivable that the neighborhood in which she stands is one of those sleazy strips that bluenoses lovingly call a "combat zone." The implication here could be that sex in America is relegated to back alleys. *West*, in the title, represents America—City Boy is a hardy group that traveled west to the U.S.

Most of the album is concerned with growing up, with accepting life's realities. For example, the "She's Got Style" track discusses a john's love affair with a hooker. After the hooker has finished "blowing me hot then cold," says the

singer: "She's got style, dress falling off her shoulder, like a child/ Making me drop my guard... there's one more in the doorway/ He hangs his coat as you relieve him of his hat/ So for an hour you'll swear to love him always (always)/ While you're leaving me with my feet scraping the mat."

Even City Boy's music adds to the album's perfection. The listener won't get blown out of the room with a lot of "heavy metal"—one of rock 'n' roll's developments, in which excessive noise is more important than craftsmanship.

And the country-and-western flavor, rhythm-and-blues influence and exceptional vocals make this one of the best albums—cover included—to come along in a long time.

—Zbigniew Kindela

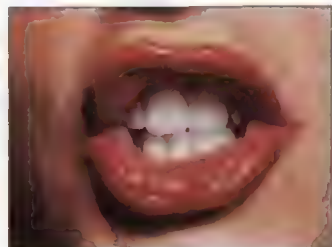
LIP SHTICK

There probably isn't one HUSTLER reader who doesn't recognize every dirty word in the English language. But the test is whether or not you can distinguish those words by reading a pair of luscious lips. Well, here's the chance you die-hard cusses have been waiting

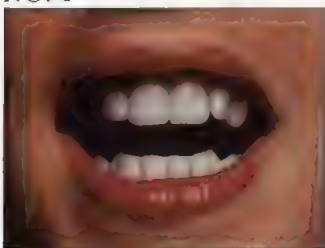
for. The lips shown below are pronouncing *tits, pussy, fuck, cunt, shit and cock*. Can you tell which is which? If so, write the appropriate word beside each number and send your entry to Lip Match, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215, no later than January 1, 1978. The first five readers to correctly match the words and pictures will receive a one year's subscription to HUSTLER. And we're not just mouthing off.



NO. 1



NO. 2



NO. 3



NO. 4



NO. 5



NO. 6

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Here's a dandy cyst I removed... and this running sore was a beaut! Next, a case of leprosy that was a real challenge..."

HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visual items and stories for Bits & Pieces. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return original art on request. Submissions should include a stamped, self-addressed envelope. For January, \$100 to James Burton, Sequoyah Duncan, M. D. G., Frank Marabella, Jr., H. M. Mathews, Thomas Orlowski and J. B. Wilson.

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ALL NEW FROM HUSTLER



HUSTLER Rejects

There's no need to suspect when you buy *HUSTLER Rejects* that you're settling for sloppy seconds. Larry Flynt felt that with all the outstanding girl features he gives you each month, it would only be fair that we open our photo files and show you what it takes for a girl set to be rejected by *HUSTLER*. *HUSTLER Rejects* contains 128 pages of women who fell to the fate of the ax.

#6415 \$2.95



The HUSTLER Pink Calendar

Larry Flynt has spared no expense in publishing *HUSTLER's 1978 Pink Calendar*. Produced in Europe and made from the highest-quality paper, it is the most erotic and lavishly designed calendar ever published. The 11" x 13" photos of the pink ladies are so hot that you can't help but stroke when you open it up.

#6129 \$4.95



The Adventures of Honey Hooker

The Adventures of Honey Hooker is an anthology of *HUSTLER's* very own resident harpy. This 112-page full-color collection proves that our Honey has quite a few tricks up her sleeve. Included in this package is a never-before-published episode. Honey's explicit escapades make those two bimboes, Wicked Wanda and Annie Fanny, look like stand-ins for an Ann Blyth Twinkle commercial.

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X-RATED REVIEWS

MOVIES

by Larry Wichman

Barbara Broadcast

 If Hollywood's major studios ever produce hard-core sex films, their products will be no more technically sophisticated than Henry Paris's new movie, *Barbara Broadcast*. Paris (sometimes known as Radley Metzger) directed *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*—named Best Erotic Film in 1976 by both HUSTLER and the Adult Film Association of America—and he's packed his latest effort with the same elements that made *Misty* so much a success.

Broadcast focuses on a day in the life of Barbara Broadcast (Annette Haven), a celebrated whore-turned-writer. C.J. Laing co-stars as a reporter assigned to do a story on Barbara. She accompanies Ms. Broadcast to a Manhattan sex restaurant (where waitresses serve muff and waiters dress salads with jism), a disco and numerous sexual encounters with the likes of such porn stars as Susan McBain, Constance Money, Jamie Gillis, Bobby Astry and Wade Nichols.

The sex scenes are imaginative and photographed from such diverse angles that they hold your attention from foreplay to climax. But the film is overloaded with oral sex. Except for a high-powered butt-fucking scene involving Laing and Nichols (who starts off the erotics by pissing into a large salad bowl), an S&M scene featuring Gillis and Money (which appears to have come straight from the *Misty* outtakes) and a few brief fucks here and there, the tongue provides the only titillation.








Meat the Press: Newscasters break for lunch in *Barbara Broadcast*.



HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make certain that you are getting the real thing.


RATING GUIDE

-  **ERECTION**
A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
-  **THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
-  **HALF ERECT**
So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
-  **ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
-  **TOTALLY LIMP**
A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

The sound track is well-mixed, high-quality rock and adds much to this film, in which dialogue is sparse. When there is dialogue, it's well written, well acted and funny. As Laing and Haven are lunching at the sex restaurant, they are approached by two men, one of whom asks if his younger brother can have Barbara's "autograph—and maybe a little head." She doesn't even bat an eyelash, and handles both requests with decorum. It's the same air of professionalism exhibited by the cast throughout the film.

So if you and your old lady want a few laughs and lots of panting and puffing, see *Barbara Broadcast*. Streisand and Kristofferson it ain't, but until Hollywood goes horny, it will do.

Big Thumbs

 Class has at last returned to the porn screen, and we have producer-director Richard Lipton to thank. Lipton, who for more than seven years has been producing and acting in off-Broadway plays, brings the benefits of his experience to the screen in *Big Thumbs*. This is the first hard-core film since *Sometime Sweet Susan* to feature a member of the Screen Actors Guild (SAG) who feels enough pride in the product to put his real name on it: David Lipman. You may remember his face from Ford commercials. Yet all the SAG actors in the business couldn't help a film that doesn't have a decent script. Fortunately a good script has been provided by Carl Stone, the author of several erotic novels published by Olympia Press, and David Newburge, who wrote the smash off-Broadway comedy *Stag Movie*.



Janette Sinclair plays sidewalk peekaboo in *Big Thumbs*.

The pair has penned the hilarious story of Andrea Dove (Janette Sinclair), who—because of an elevator accident—has become a frustrated nymphomaniac forever pursuing the elusive orgasm. Andrea is suing her landlord (George Bartieneff) for damages. As the courtroom proceedings progress, her prurient rampages are laid bare through flashbacks.

The judge (Lipman), who gets laid by the plaintiff during a recess, is as sympathetic to Andrea as is the jury. One juror is deemed qualified to serve when Andrea notices his big thumbs—a sign that he has a big cock—and she wins her case. But there's more. Following the verdict is one of the most unique and entertaining scenes ever offered to porn moviegoers.

Jamie Gillis (who plays himself) is brought in as a "sex expert" by the defense in hopes that he will be able to induce Andrea's orgasm, and so reduce the amount of the settlement. As the court looks on, Gillis plays magician and pulls both the orgasm and a series of one-liners out of a hat. "Here's a little trick I learned from the Hare Krishna," he says as he stands in a spotlight and lightly tickles Andrea's body with a feather. "It's called the 'Hindu Fluff.' This drives the Krishna women so crazy they don't even care that their men are bald." When Andrea finally comes,

the spectators cheer and the pair takes a bow.

Big Thumbs is an excellent film from start to finish. It has plenty of hard-core sex, though not so much that it destroys the rapid pace. It has an unobtrusive, original sound track, fine photography and unique sex scenes—such as the one in which Andrea flashes a flasher and the one in the backseat of a cop car. Simply, this film is so terrific you'll have to see it to believe it.

Long Jeanne Silver



Long Jeanne Silver is definitely not a sex film for the squeamish. In fact, it has the distinction of being one of the few erotic films ever to empty a New

York City screening room, not because the audience of porn reviewers was bored, but because they couldn't stomach this film, which graphically portrays an amputee's sex life.

The film's leading lady is none other than Long Jeanne Silver, a pretty amputee who has appeared in men's magazines and on San Francisco burlesque stages. Ms. Silver had the lower part of her left leg removed when she was a child. The remaining stump, extending several inches below her knee, is little more than bone covered with flesh, not much larger than the average penis.

This pseudodocumentary film exploits Silver's unfortunate condition by displaying the many carnal uses for her stump. She fucks Amber Hunt with it during a threesome scene with Joey Cuvera, she impales two female students on it in another scene, and she even goes so far as to ram it up a frail faggot's ass. It's difficult to think of a more disgusting way to get one's kicks.

Alex deRenzy directed this film, and from a technical standpoint it's one of his worst. He let the overall quality of the production slip, choosing instead to let the film ride on its freak appeal. The photography and print quality are good,

as they usually are with deRenzy's films, but the film is crippled by lame dialogue ("I was born with a bigger dick than John Holmes, and baby, you know I know how to use it"—Silver), choppy editing and a flimsy, vignette-style presentation of Silver's more interesting sexual encounters—most of which are far too absurd to be believed.

With *Long Jeanne Silver*, deRenzy may well be trying to earn a reputation as the P. T. Barnum of blue movies. He's brought a freak to the screen and beckons the audience to "step right up." If you like a good sideshow, you might take him up on the invitation—but do so at your own risk.

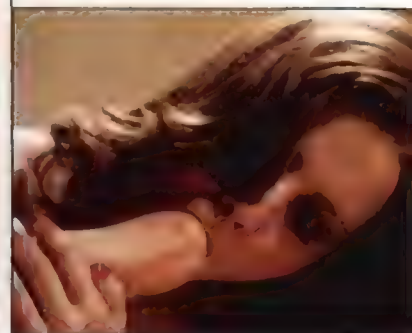
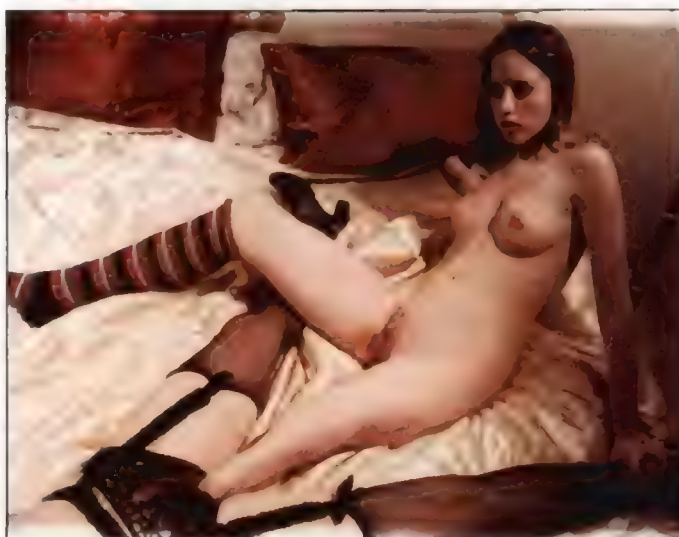
Feelings



The sex-film industry has no lack of talent. Why, then, are most erotic films such garbage? The problem is that producers and directors have lost control of their product. They follow the dictates of distributors who will only book a film that's jam-packed with sex. This leaves little room for plot and character development, leaving nothing but technically sophisticated, two-dimensional sleaziness.

Producer/director Kemal Horulu's film *Feelings* is a prime example of this phenomenon. While the photography and editing are of high quality, there's just so much raunchiness that the film comes up short in

"Stump the Stars" in Silver.



many other essential areas.

The story concerns a cocaine dealer named Tony (Jamie Gillis), who, in order to pay off a debt to the Mafia, sends his girlfriend Joanna (Leslie Bovee) out to pose for girly photos. But Joanna begins whoring instead of modeling, and when Tony finds out he loses both his temper and his girl. He also loses his chance to pay off the debt and winds up getting shot by his thug creditors.

Tony's problems may not be your problems, but they're human difficulties that have the potential to really grip an audience. But with at least 70 minutes of this 93-minute flick devoted to sex action, there's only time for the bare essence of a plot in *Feelings*.

To make matters worse, with the exception of the whoring scenes, the sex often occurs at the wrong time and place. The first five minutes of the film, for example, draw the audience in with a well-performed scene featuring Tony and his Mafioso contact (Ras Kean). But the next minute Tony explains his predicament to Joanna. And as soon as she agrees to model, *bang*, she's down sucking his gonads. From this point on the plot—like Joanna—begins to nosedive.

Feelings, which also stars Nancy Dare, Terri Hall, Helen Madigan and Bobby Astyr, has all the potential to be a fine fuck film. But even Horulu himself confesses that the movie is but a shell of what it might have been. And he also agrees that pleasing the distributors, not the critics, is where today's erotic films are at.

Breaker Beauties



Breaker Beauties is the porn film America's truckers and trucker-fuckers have been waiting for. It's the first hard-core



Leslie Bovee pays lip service to racial equality in *Feelings*.

film to feature riders of the superslabs. And it not only packs a wall-to-wall sexual wallop, it also has plenty of laughs, plenty of solid acting and—of course—plenty of rig-happy poontang.


Beauties is the story of a trucker called "Big Bear" (Richard Bolla), who, in the short time he's been jockeying a Kenworth, has gained a reputation as the best lay ever to drive an 18-wheeler.

At least that's the way it is on the road. But at home he has trouble satisfying his bitchy wife Susan (Alexandra), since he suffers from a malady known as the "superslab-drabs"—he just can't get it up when he's more than a mile from the interstate highway.

Eventually a trucker groupie known as "Big Beaver" (Victoria Corsaut) helps "Big Bear" overcome his problem, and the end of the film finds him and his wife happily bedded down—

with the satisfied Susan whispering sweet CB nothings in hubby's ear.

Obviously the plot could stand more polishing, but the dialogue is humorous, and the story moves along well with the help of several unusual and/or funny non-sexual scenes. In one such segment a trucker who can eat razor blades is featured; in another a country group performs such songs as "I'm a Greaser Bugaroo" and "Take Your Nose Out of My Pantyhose."

The trucker humor that this film dishes out went over the heads of many New York critics, but hayseed and city slicker alike will be able to appreciate the well-photographed sex between performers like Jean Dalton, Bobby Astyr, Vanessa Del Rio and Wade Nichols. So hop in your rig and hightail it over to see *Breaker Beauties*. It's a perfect blend of diesel oil and dirt. 

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.



Erection

Autobiography of a Flea Desires Within Young Girls
Hard Soap, Hard Soap In the Realm of the Senses
Jail Bait
Kinky Ladies
Odyssey
Punk Rock!
Sex Crazy
Sweet Cakes
Through a Looking Glass



Three-Quarters Erect

Bel Ami
Captain Lust
A Coming of Angels
Count the Ways
The Jade Pussycat
Portrait of Seduction
The Spirit of Seventy-Sex
The Violation of Claudia



Half Erect

Babyface
The Beast
The Devil Inside Her
Inside Jennifer Welles
My SeX-Rated Wife
Reflections
Swedish Minx
Sylvia



One-Quarter Erect

All Night Long
Candy Lips
Funk
Kinkorama
Overnight Sensations
Sharon
Underage



Totally Limp

Cherry Hustlers
Cinderella 2000
Let My Puppets Come Reunion

BOOKS

Edited by Mike Sheeter

Sex Objects

An American

Photodocumentary

By Eric Kroll

Addison House

Morgan's Run

Danbury, New Hampshire 03230

\$9.95



Anyone who has ever been to a massage parlor can tell you that part of the thrill is in the fact that the girl is almost always a total stranger. Who are these women who work in massage parlors—defrocked nuns, hippy chicks or off-duty grade-school teachers? Eric Kroll's *Sex Objects: An American Photodocumentary* will not only tell you if these girls meet the fantasy images you set for them, it also lets the girls tell you in their own words. Kroll's photos—a cross between journalism and art—put the interviews in focus by capturing the girls in their work settings.

Even if you aren't concerned about the sociology of women in the massage-parlor trade, Kroll's book will still answer questions you're bound to have. Like what it costs, what kind of service to expect and what the girls will look like. Because there are hundreds of rip-off parlors offering little more than tea and sympathy to someone in search of sexual relief, it pays to know the signs of a con job. Kroll's investigation of massage parlors in 30 U.S. and Canadian cities has done some of the leg work for the reader.

The author's six interviews may strike the reader as uneven, owing more to the fact that he lets each girl tell her own story rather than to any lack of editing skill on his part. While this technique is effective, even more enlightening is the section of random notes about "masseuses" Kroll met while putting this book together:



Kroll's Sex Objects: You pay just to look . . . touching costs extra.

"Jeannie works in a massage parlor in Berkeley, California, that offers 'hand relief' for a five-dollar tip. She graduated from college in Oregon in sociology two years ago. She feels she's in a related field. 'My B.A. degree is in community service and public affairs. My little joke is what's a massage but a community service and a public affair.'"

One thing is clear in the 24 color and 41 black-and-white photographs—it isn't just the girls who make up the aura of a massage parlor, but also floral wallpaper, leopard-skin bedcovers and fake wood paneling—"a strange mixture of bare necessities and middle-class crass." In achieving this total picture, Kroll earned the right to give *Sex Objects* the subtitle *An American Photodocumentary*, since the book is actually made by the people it is about. Kroll has the good sense to stand back and let things happen.

In a way, *Sex Objects* runs counter to everything massage parlors exist for. It is a book about the way things are in an industry dedicated to peddling illusion. As such, *Sex Objects* is at least the real thing.

Elvis:
What Happened?

By Red West, Sonny West and Dave Hebler as told to

Steve Dunleavy

Ballantine Books

201 East 50th Street
New York, New York
10022

\$1.95



By an eerie coincidence the book *Elvis: What Happened?* arrived at our office on the day of Presley's death. Stranger still, even though the book was completed long before the singer's passing, it is about his death. To be more precise, it is the heartbreaking story of a man who wanted to die, as told by the three men he paid to protect him from himself: Red West, Sonny West and Dave Hebler, longtime friends and bodyguards of Elvis Presley.

Throughout the early days of Elvis's career, his attachment to this small circle of cronies was legendary. Hebler and the West boys—like Elvis—were southerners from a dirt-poor background. Suddenly, however, they found themselves on

top of the world with their friend. Even then, Elvis was as generous as a king, passing out Cadillacs and pickup trucks to friends and strangers as if the gifts were nothing more than Tonka toys. At the best of times his friends were permitted to treat him as an equal. At other times it seemed to them that they were living in the court of a cruel, petty and irrational tyrant.

Presley's former bodyguards are tough guys. And like all truly tough people, they have the capacity for personal loyalty. In the last few years at Presley's side they all but gave up their own lives for him, and for a long time they were able to keep him more or less on the level. Gradually, though, the trio felt its influence over Elvis lessen, as the King became more dictatorial and more the big-time movie star. The roughneck amusements he had shared with them for years began to grow more destructive, expensive and dangerous.

It took Presley a little more than 20 years of riotous high living before he finally ran out of thrills. Still, he never stopped looking for new ways to have "fun." Hebler and the Wests report that they once helped him ruin a perfectly good house with bulldozers, just for the hell of it. At other times they would gather together behind one of the many two-way mirrors that dotted the Presley mansion and watch houseguests make love. Tiring of that, they were liable to hold target practice in one of the unoccupied bedrooms with Elvis's M-16 rifle.

This book will certainly sadden many of Presley's devoted fans. Others, more interested in the man than the legend, will find it engrossing: the story of a man headed toward death as fast as he could make himself go. If nothing else, *Elvis: What Happened?* points out the uselessness of giving good advice to people who won't listen to warnings.

Paluck's Book of Sexual Trivia

Compiled by Dan Paluck
Paluck Publishing
Company
P.O. Box 1181
Lake Arrowhead,
California 92352
\$4.95



Paluck's Book of Sexual Trivia provides previously published information, unfounded statements, errors and a collection of photos guaranteed to cure insomnia.

Among the usual "longest cock on record"-type entries, Paluck gives us gems such as "Only 13 percent of all Americans have learned about sex from their parents." And it's left up to the reader to guess whether or not this information is factually concrete or nothing more than the author's opinion. For instance, he claims that "the most complete sex manual is *The Joy of Sex* by Alex Comfort. . . I met Mr. Comfort a number of years ago. . . He appeared to be quite an authority on sex."

Other contentions in the book are downright silly: "Negro women are more sexually experienced than white women." What is the basis for this information—a chance encounter between author Paluck and one dark-skinned lovely?

No published collection of toilet scrapings would be complete without some typographical errors and misspellings (*Fann Hill* instead of *Fanny Hill*, *clitoris* instead of *clitoris*), as well as blatantly incorrect data. Paluck writes, "The first feature-length animated cartoon to have a sexual theme was *Felix the Cat*, 1971." The movie he's referring to, of course, is *Fritz the Cat*.

To fill space on the pages, *Sexual Trivia* contains information that doesn't have anything to do with sex: "The first successful human heart transplant was per-

formed on January 2, 1968." Did the patient achieve orgasm, we wonder?

Paluck starts out his book on an obviously commercial path by placing the overused face of Farrah Fawcett-Majors on the cover. The 47 black-and-white photos in *Sexual Trivia* contain such standards as Marilyn Monroe's calendar poster, Betty Grable's pinup, tit shots of Jayne Mansfield, Ursula Andress and Hedy Lamarr, and a group of others you've seen just about everywhere else before. Of those photos that have not had massive circulation, only a few are of more than passing interest.

Dan Paluck has earned a place among the sexual trivia about which he writes so

Jayne: Warmed-over Trivia.



poorly. He can now be listed as the author of the all-time worst book on the subject.

—Todd David Schwartz

For Money or Love

By Robin Lloyd
Ballantine Books
201 East 50th Street
New York, New York
10022
\$1.75



Among other distinctions, 1977 has been the year in which the media discovered "chickens"—young boys working as prostitutes in every major American city. As usual, it has taken a long time for someone to address this issue. And what serious journalism has appeared on the subject has failed to deal with it honestly and in necessary depth. It is almost as if the opinion makers are hoping that the chickens and their clients—"chicken hawks"—will all quietly fade away.

It seems obvious that boy prostitution is the kind of problem that festers if it is ignored. For this reason, we applaud Robin Lloyd's *For Money or Love*, an unflinching examination of kids trying to make it on the streets by selling their bodies. The book is no literary masterpiece—it is timely and informative journalism.


In his preface Lloyd tells how he first became aware of boy prostitution. When he learned that a faggot pornographer had approached his two sons, he was at first furious—and then later, intrigued. That incident began the investigation that forms the backbone of *For Money or Love*, an investigation that included interviews with people on every side of the story: police, clergy, gay leaders and the boys themselves. He was even able to persuade some "chicken hawks" to speak for publication. But these interviews seem to represent a rather

rare faction of boy-fuckers: "The trouble is, there aren't enough of us. By that, I mean there aren't enough of us who really care for the boys. *Really* care for them."

Despite his breakthroughs, Lloyd's book still contains the sensationalistic angles exploited by the makers of TV documentaries. In an interview with a New York City cop we learn: "One of the most bizarre [cases] was the bishop in the Bronx. Dressed in his official robes, he would hold this special Communion service for boys. It was all very solemn. The high point of the Communion was when the bishop would lie on a crucifix on the floor . . . arms outstretched . . . and the boys would file past and f—late him."

Another section relates this gruesome story: A 16-year-old from Pennsylvania was picked up in San Francisco by two men who later confessed to being homosexuals. Their confession came after their arrest for tying the boy spread-eagled in the back of their station wagon and castrating him.

But beyond this kind of horrible titillation, Lloyd's book tells what it is actually like for the boys on the streets and for the people trying to help them.

It quickly becomes apparent in *For Money or Love* that child prostitution is not just brought on by outside influences, but rather is caused by a failure on the part of parents to provide free and loving atmospheres for the children they bring into the world. Most important, the book illustrates the direction from which reform must come. But legislation alone cannot solve what is basically a family-level problem. Education, on the other hand, can help. If child prostitution is a problem you care anything about, *For Money or Love* is probably the best way to begin your own education on the matter. 

SEXPLAY

By Sean Carlisle

The climate of repression in which most Americans are raised takes a considerable toll on their sex lives. Many are conditioned to believe that certain sex acts are somehow wrong or harmful, and as a result tend to feel guilt or disgust about some very natural human urges.

Sometimes these acts are specifically forbidden by religion or the government—two groups that are especially fond of poking their blue noses into other people's bedrooms. Among these forbidden fruits is the oral sex act that is commonly known as pussy eating, and less commonly known as cunnilingus.

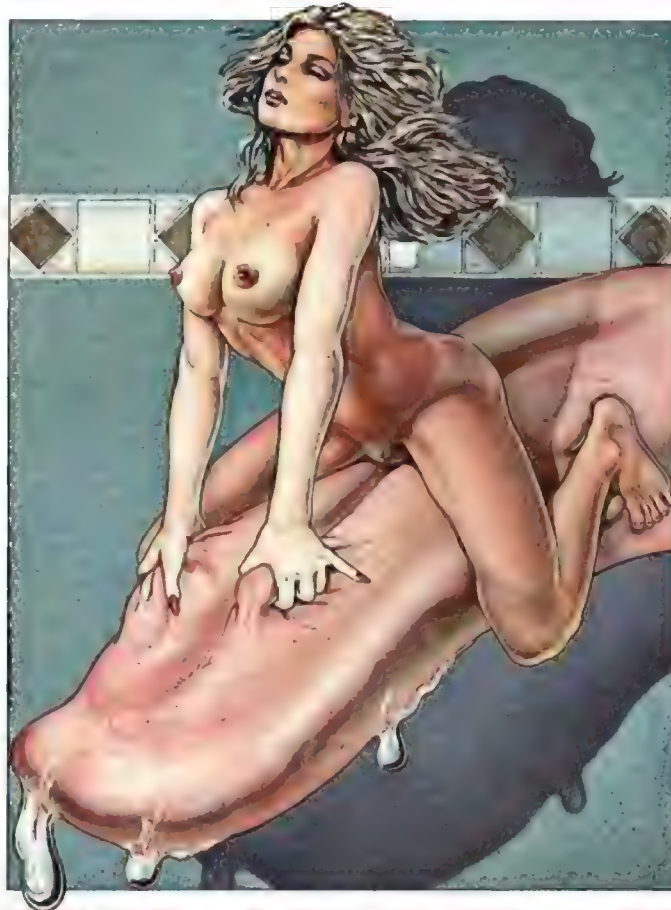
In many states, laws forbidding pussy eating (often classified as "sodomy," along with other "unnatural" acts) have been on the books for more than 100 years. Although these laws are seldom enforced for any so-called moral purpose, they are sometimes used to harass individuals whose life-style or politics piss off authorities. Fortunately, many states are now repealing (or ignoring) laws that at one time prohibited most sex acts between "consenting adults."

The fact that in some places it may be illegal to eat pussy doesn't deter cuntlapping, but there are a number of men who shy away from it just because the very idea of licking a woman's crotch is repulsive to them. To each his own, but chances are these men have never let their tongues venture into a woman's velvety trench, and their preconceptions of what it would be like are wrong.

There's an old saying: "Once you get past the smell you've got it licked." But the truth is, neither the smell nor the taste of a clean pussy is unpleasant. Of course, while this is a matter of opinion, it is also a matter of conditioning. A taste for pussy—like a taste for avocados, caviar or other delicacies—is often acquired with experience.

Illustration by Mitch Hyatt/Graphicgroup, Inc.

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



HOW TO EAT PUSSY

For most men the pleasures of eating pussy are not discovered until their sex lives are well underway. Indeed, pussy eating marks a sort of maturation point in a man's sex life, a point characterized by a desire to please his woman as well as himself. When we first start exploring all the wonderful things we can do with our genitals, our sex play is primarily self-centered.

Masturbation is the first experiment, and when we finally start fucking, it's usually nothing more than two minutes in the missionary position—just long enough to get off. As we become more

experienced—and jaded—our experimentation becomes more diverse. But more important, pleasing the woman becomes a primary concern, sometimes out of a spirit of selflessness, but more often to gratify the man's ego. Besides, if a man gains a reputation as a great lover, he is likely to have women beating down his door to get into his pants. One of the best ways to earn such a reputation is to go out and become a proficient pussy-eater.

Almost all women like to be eaten. Those who don't are sometimes self-conscious about the way their cunts might smell or taste. If your woman has this worry, suggest that she use one of the flavored douches on the market. Most are available over-the-counter at drugstores, or they can be purchased through the mail. The flavor of strawberry, mint or champagne can do much to enhance your pleasure as well as your lover's confidence.

Some women are inhibited about letting a man get such a close look at their genitals because they consider them ugly. An understanding man should do all he can to convince the woman otherwise. Perhaps the best way is by coming right out and telling her that her cunt is beautiful. Another way is by encourag-

ing her to examine her pussy in a mirror, exploring the folds and learning which points are the most sensitive.

It's been said that lesbians make the best cuntlappers because they know firsthand what turns a woman on most. That may well be true, but there is no reason why a man can't become a virtuoso pussy-eater through experience.

One thing to keep in mind when going down on a woman is the fact that many of them like to be eaten in different ways. If you cuntlap a woman who likes to have her clitoris nibbled, don't expect the same positive response

from every woman. Some like their clit licked, others like it sucked. Some enjoy heavy pressure against their clit, while others prefer light "butterfly flicks" of the tongue. To a few women, however, any direct contact at all with their clit causes discomfort, and they enjoy it most when the tongue does its work only in the general vicinity of this sensitive organ. Pay attention to your woman's responses until you determine exactly what turns her on most. Listen to her cries and moans—these are her instructions to you.

In eating pussy you are obviously not restricted solely to the use of your tongue. Try burying your tongue in her cunt hole while your nose (or your chin, depending on which way you're facing) rubs against her clit. If you have a mustache or beard, so much the better. Brushing your facial hair against her clit or inner thigh produces a tingle that no lesbian is able to duplicate.

Begin slowly. As a rule, women take longer than men to reach orgasm, and an understanding man will be patient in helping his woman achieve climax. First stimulate her inner thighs and cunt lips with gentle kisses, then gradually bring your tongue into play.

Eventually your face may get into the act, but diving into a woman and lapping like a starving basset hound right from the beginning is an approach that might alienate her, especially if she's shy or inexperienced. Besides, this type of enthusiastic cuntlapping can only be endured by the man for a few minutes before his tongue and jaws become sore. You can be assured of a long, flavorful meal if you vary your technique during the session.

You can measure your woman's response not only by the pleasurable

Diving in and lapping a woman like a starving basset hound right from the beginning might alienate her.

sounds she utters, but also by the physiological reaction of her cunt. It will be hard to tell whether her wetness is due to her flowing juices or your flowing saliva (it's usually a combination of the two), but her clit will give an accurate measurement of her level of excitement. As it swells, the clit pushes its way out from under the prepuce (the foreskin covering) and becomes more accessible. The primary appeal of cunnilingus for most women is the fact that it centers on clitoral stimulation.

The vaginal opening should receive a fair amount of attention also. The outer one-third of the vaginal canal is the most sensitive part, so your tongue doesn't have to penetrate far to do the job. Working it in a circular motion or letting it dart rapidly in and out of her hole are excellent methods of stimulation, especially when combined with a finger or nose rubbing against the clit. Of course, while you are working on her cunt hole you're bound to swallow a bit of her juice. Don't be put off by this; these are clean, healthy body fluids and you don't have to be afraid to swallow. In fact, there are probably more germs in your mouth than there are in her cunt—which makes a good case for cuntlapping over kissing.

As in fucking, there are several posi-

tions for eating pussy, each of which has its own advantages. Approaching a woman straight on (which would line up your tongue and nose with her cunt hole and clit, respectively) is a popular technique because it allows both parties maximum freedom of movement; neither partner is lying atop the other. In this position, a man can easily fondle his woman's tits while he eats her cunt, and at the same time she can masturbate him with her feet. The variations are limited only by your imagination—or lack of it.

Approaching from above makes it easier for the rimming enthusiast to reach his woman's asshole. This position, when employed for simultaneous oral sex by two persons, is familiarly known as 69.

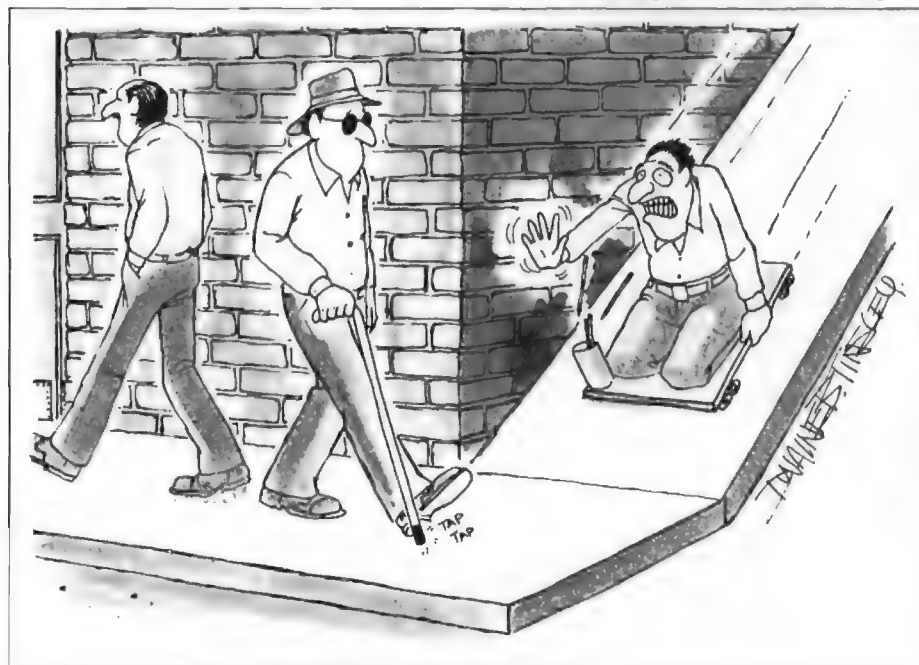
However, cocksucking often does not come easy to a woman who is being eaten, and she may be too preoccupied to concentrate on sucking your cock. Also, the 69 position offers anatomical arrangement problems that sometimes result in a toothy blow job. This position works best when the woman confines herself to licking your cock instead of trying to swallow it.

Another position you may find enjoyable is one in which the woman sits on the man's chest with her cunt in his face. While this allows the woman to move freely and to position herself in the manner she finds most stimulating, it also permits the man to lie back and enjoy his meal without exerting too much effort.

It is harmless to eat a woman out while she is menstruating. Although cunnilingus is a bit tastier and more colorful at this time of the month, there is no danger of becoming ill from gulping a woman's menstrual flow. As repulsive as this might sound, there may come a future time when you find your inhibitions at a low point, and the idea of chowing down on a bloody box might be downright appealing. If that time should ever come, rest assured that any and all side effects can be easily overcome with a moist towel.

A vibrator can enhance the experience when it is held against the eater's face or tongue, allowing the steady electronic tremors to pass secondhand to the woman's cunt. A dildo can also be used to simulate the rhythmic pumping of a penis.

If you're looking to broaden your sexual repertoire and have not yet tried eating pussy, by all means do so. If you're already an experienced cuntlapper, there are probably still a few variations you haven't tried. At any rate, despite what the clerics and lawmakers say, there is nothing wrong with eating cunt. So go right ahead and dive in, the pussy's fine. 🍆

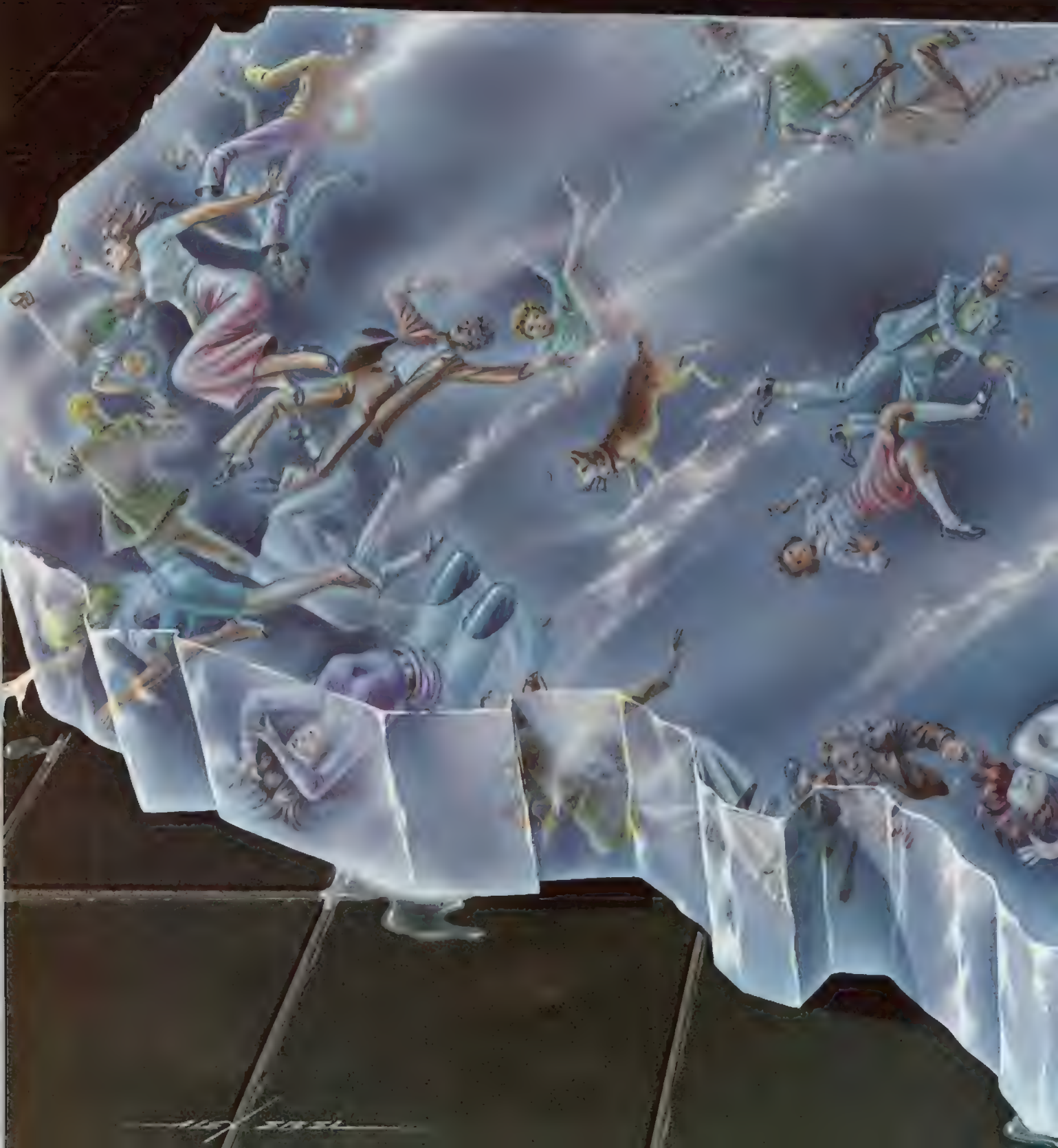




WHY WE'RE FREEZING THIS WINTER

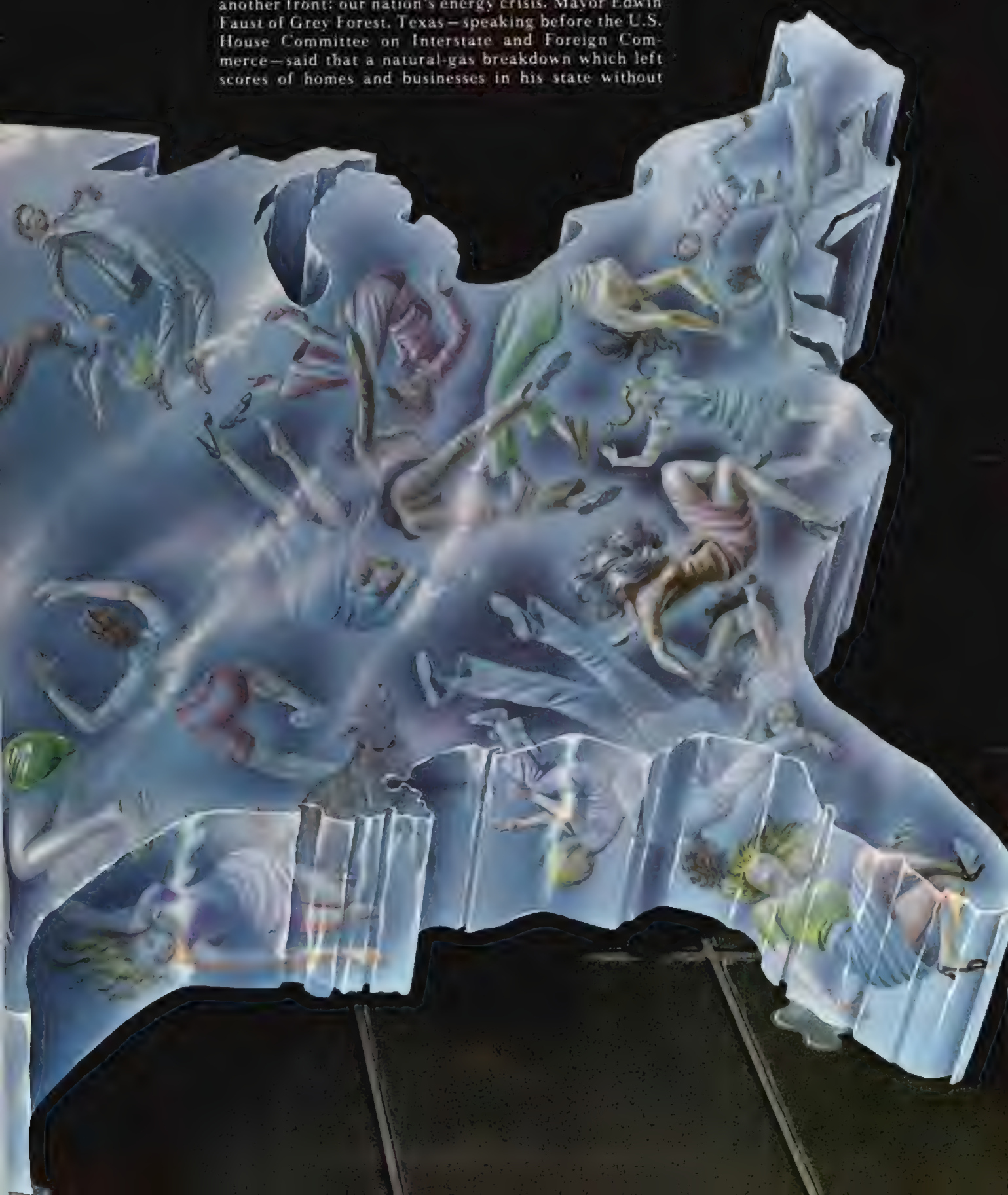
Article by
Ira Rosen

Is there really an energy shortage, or are other circumstances preventing us from getting our full supply of fuel this winter? To find out, HUSTLER sent investigative reporter Ira Rosen to Washington, D.C., so he could talk to people in the know and sift through public (and not-so-public) records. Rosen's summation: "Buy some heavy blankets."



Acts of God have again returned as a popular excuse for human stupidity and negligence. An act of God, to which the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah was attributed in biblical times, has more recently been blamed for last summer's New York City blackout.

Now the Almighty has made his presence felt on still another front: our nation's energy crisis. Mayor Edwin Faust of Grey Forest, Texas—speaking before the U.S. House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce—said that a natural-gas breakdown which left scores of homes and businesses in his state without



fuel was, yes, "an act of God." And Louisiana Congressman W. Henson Moore, a Republican, replied sarcastically: "It's hard to regulate God."

But if God could be regulated, congressmen would try to do so, since they have found it nearly impossible to effectively control the oil industry's profit machine. Last winter will be remembered for its record-low temperatures, creating a demand for natural gas and heating oil that couldn't be met. Factories were shut down, hundreds of thousands of workers were laid off, business hours were restricted and schools were closed. While many Americans spent up to 25 to 30 percent of their take-home pay on utilities, the oil industry reaped huge profits: From 1972 to 1976, profits for the top 24 oil companies rose 106 percent. Gulf Oil alone had a 464 percent net-income increase for that period.

With the continual rise of oil and natural-gas prices, American consumers will be hurt again. It might not be uncommon during this freezing weather for families to cuddle together in winter coats as they sit by the window, waiting for the fuel truck to arrive.

Incredible predictions have already been made for the day when our oil and natural-gas tanks run dry. Secret studies conducted solely for high-ranking government policymakers warn of possible "social upheaval and revolution."

Treasury Department documents obtained by columnists Jack Anderson and Les Whitten stated: "A fantastic amount of misinformation, wishful thinking, outright demagoguery and misplaced hopes are keeping the American people from looking their future straight in the eye. There is not a straight-thinking scientist or engineer anywhere who can promise a new technical miracle of any kind... that will solve our energy problem."

In addition, these documents pointed out that there is a grim possibility of our fuel supply being exhausted within ten years and that oil shortages could cause "severe strains" upon the international financial system. "This could lead to an economic collapse, which would cause depression, unrest and instability throughout the Western world," wrote Anderson and Whitten.

Even Secretary of Energy James Schlesinger warned that unless technology can come up with energy alternatives, the United States may very soon face rising unemployment, rapid inflation and a severe balance-of-payments deficit (buying more goods than we sell, which clearly is poor economics). The result of such a situation "would shake the political and social foundations of the U.S. in a way they have never been shaken since the 1930s," said the usually

conservative and sedate Schlesinger.

One scenario, written by author Isaac Asimov, portrays an energy-poor society in 1997: "At least the armies are gone—no one can afford to keep those expensive, energy-gobbling monstrosities. Some soldiers in uniform and with rifles are present in almost every still-functioning nation, but only the United States and the Soviet Union can maintain a few tanks, planes and ships—which they dare not move for fear of biting into limited fuel reserves."

Though Asimov's depiction may seem farfetched, it is likely that the current arms race between the United States and the Soviet Union could be replaced

I asked: "When will the energy crisis end?" The Energy Department official answered: "It hasn't started yet!"

by the oil race. The Soviet Union is currently the world's number-one producer of oil, but a CIA report shows that by 1985 the Russians may need to import 3.5 to 4.5 million barrels a day to supplement their own reserves. If this happens, the competition for the world's oil supply may add a new dimension to what is becoming a very "cold war" for fuel.

. . . .

It was a hot August day this past summer, and inside the Old Executive Office Building—adjacent to the White House—the humidity was oppressive. I was there to see one of the men responsible for fighting winter fuel shortages.

"Is the air-conditioning system broken?" I asked the security guard.

"No, there is an energy crisis," he said brusquely. "Don't you know?"

The guard sent me to the elevator down the hall, but a sign on the door read: "This elevator is shut down to conserve energy."

After climbing three flights of marble stairs, I arrived, sweating and out of breath, at the office of James Bishop, a high-level aide to Secretary Schlesinger.

My first question was obvious: "When will the energy crisis end?"

"It hasn't started yet," Bishop said. "Here, let me show you some statistics."

Always the statistics. Whenever a high administration official is asked about a problem—energy, poverty, unemployment, crime—he usually presents statistics. He has his desk, his secretaries and his statistics, while the rest of the country has to deal with reality.

But before I heard Bishop's stats, I

had some of my own. If the crisis hasn't started yet, why were 20 major oil companies able to get away with overcharging the public \$336 million for oil transferred from their foreign affiliates? Gulf alone duped the country out of \$79.6 million. Why has nothing been done to 175 American oil corporations, which since 1974 have made questionable payments or outright bribes overseas? Why didn't the government act when one major group of Louisiana offshore-gas producers underreported reserves by 37 percent? Or why didn't it act when the gas industry underreported by 2.7 trillion cubic feet another group of offshore leases? This latter figure is about 13 percent of the United States' annual production.

At this rate of underreporting we would have more than twice as much gas in reserve as the industry claims, and the price would be cheaper. And why hasn't the Federal Energy Administration (FEA) moved against the middlemen profiteers who during the 1973-74 Arab oil embargo made tens of millions of dollars by jacking up the price and then selling the "black gold" back and forth among themselves before it reached the consumers? Why?

"It is a growing cancer," Bishop said, "and it is going to get worse before it gets better."

The metaphor was all too familiar. The last time it was used by a White House official, John Dean was describing the dangers of Watergate to Richard Nixon. We all know how that sordid affair ended. Could it be that our energy problems will meet the same fate?

"It took 500 million years for nature to make what we are using in 100 years," Bishop told me, and I knew the statistics were about to come. "In 1900, people used 75 percent less energy than today. An individual uses 170 pounds of coal in his lifetime, 2,000 gallons of oil."

Bishop moved over to a blackboard and, gesturing with his fingers, drew some curved lines with a piece of chalk. One curve went up and then stopped. Another cut into it from the opposite direction. Then a straight line ran above the point where the two curves intersected. Apparently that is why everyone is freezing this winter—the three lines didn't converge. All very neat, but where does that leave the consumer?

"We are trying to reduce the demand side. As with the supply side, it is very bleak," Bishop said, shaking his head sadly. "If something isn't done by the 1980s, there will be massive unemployment and a general uprising."

And what about corruption among the biggest oil companies, which has been partly responsible for keeping fuel

(continued on page 52)



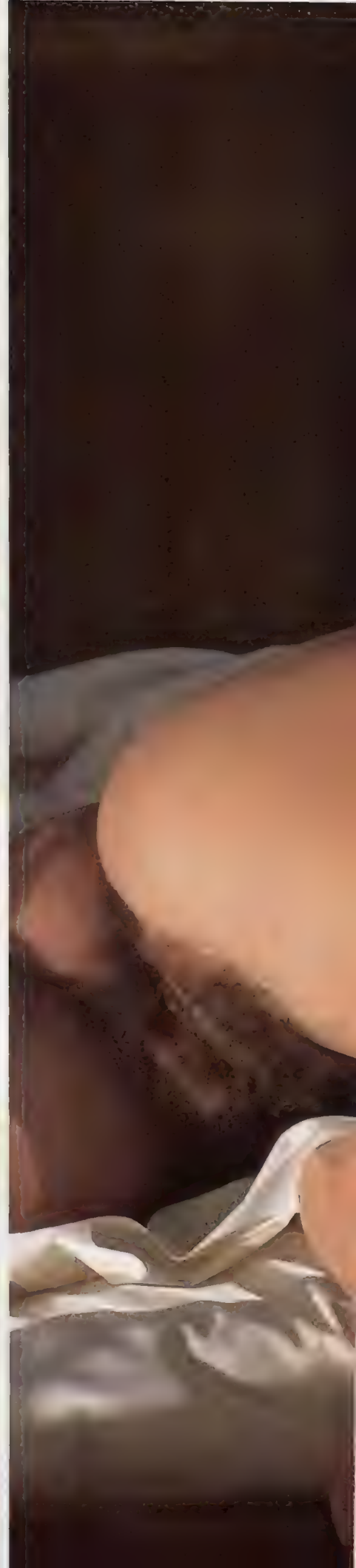
"Sorry, Mac . . . No major credit card—no room."





Connie

Easy
Does It



Twenty-year-old Connie Workman—a Columbus, Ohio, receptionist—is very much a midwestern girl. She likes her relationships with men to follow traditional lines of courtship and mutual care.

Connie believes in genuine physical affection, and lavishes attention on the kind of guy who can become emotionally involved with her and at the same time maintain a low-pressure, nonpossessive relationship. A self-described "sucker for big, healthy animals," Connie admires the robust, rugged sort of guy—preferably one who owns horses. She dreams of settling

down on a small farm with a guy and opening a boarding stable.

For Connie, strength in a man must be balanced with gentleness. She wants her relationships to develop in a slow and easy way. "I hate it when a guy gets carried away and starts to maul me," she says. "When I go to bed with a guy, I want him to take time to investigate what he's getting. For me, sex is best with no pressure. I hate to be pushed." For a man with a light hand on the reins, Connie could be a delight to put through her paces.











WHY WE'RE FREEZING

(continued from page 42)

prices high? "Our auditors are at Exxon now," Bishop said, admitting that it was a token move—started late—in order to "safeguard against windfall profits."

He looked again at the blackboard and the lines that didn't meet. "We anticipate that it is going to be a difficult winter. A damn, difficult winter."

The history of the energy crisis and of fuel shortages does not go back far, but already a tragic story can be told of a nation suffering while its government plays with itself, wondering what to do.

In the third week of October 1973 the Arab oil-producing nations cut off oil shipments to the United States. Long lines, Sunday closings and odd-even days at gasoline stations soon became the rule. Heating bills rose dramatically.

Five months later the embargo was lifted and gasoline again became plentiful, although costlier. The barrel price of Arab oil was marked up nearly four times within 12 months—with the increases reflected at the gasoline pump.

More important, we were becoming more dependent on Middle East oil than we had been before the embargo. Nearly every piece of legislation dealing with the energy situation failed. Powerful lobbying groups worked hard to prevent any further price regulation of the petroleum industry.

Then came the winter of 1976-77. The government did not foresee a shortage of home heating fuel for a typical winter, even though plant shutdowns (with resulting unemployment) were considered a possibility for a colder-than-normal winter.

A Department of Commerce docu-

The history of the energy crisis: A nation suffering while its government plays with itself, wondering what to do.

ment marked "Only for Internal Distribution," a copy of which HUSTLER secured, explained why we froze last winter and our heating bills spiraled.

"Contingency planning for natural-gas shortages was not adequate in many states and natural-gas-related unemployment was significant," the document said. "Ohio was hardest hit by natural-gas shortages. In Dayton, commercial establishments and plants closed their doors on January 17 as temperatures plunged to 21 degrees below zero. About 100,000 workers in the Dayton area were sent home from their jobs on that day. . . . For the first time, Lake Erie froze from bank to bank. Cleveland's Cuyahoga River, so polluted that it once caught fire, was frozen fast in January."

During the week of January 24 more than 240,000 people nationwide were unemployed because of natural-gas shortages. Two weeks later that figure rose to 1,212,000—with 550,000 out of work in Ohio alone.

A contingency plan had been developed by the FEA to deal with last winter's crippling crisis before it happened. But in the "FEA Policy Options Review," listing possible steps that could be taken in the event of an energy shortage, the FEA flatly rejected most of

the suggestions as "infeasible."

The winter-emergency plan read like a monologue by a schizophrenic. One option—to deal with anticipated curtailments of the supply last winter—was to increase the use of stored natural gas so as to meet emergency needs during the heating season. That option was vetoed as "infeasible, but not necessary any way," for 1976-77.

Another option was for the United States to enter into negotiations with Canada and Mexico, a wise move that could have helped all three countries and build a NATO-like trust among them in the battle against fuel shortages. But no action was taken. The FEA review said that such cooperation "might require a trade-off agreement" regarding our Alaskan oil.

All the options were proposed in the winter of 1975-76 and brought up again for review later in 1976 with no significant changes. What was infeasible or not recommended in '75 was still infeasible or not recommended in '76.

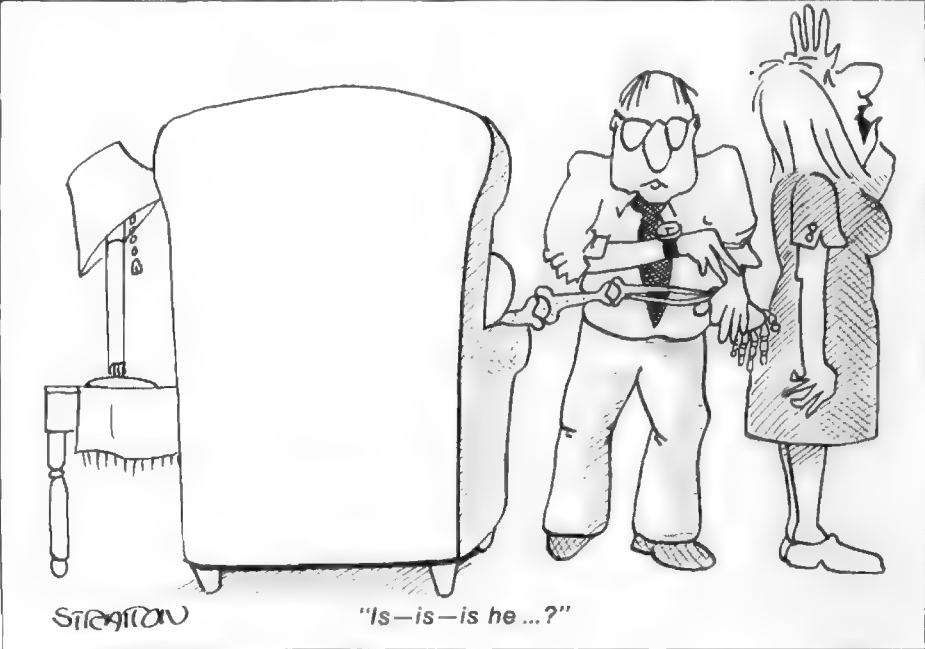
The FEA included in its 1977-78 winter-emergency plan the possible use of military vehicles and planes to haul supplies. The armed forces could also be used to curtail a revolt, even though the man in charge, Barry Yaffe (executive director of the Winter Energy Plan Task Force), would not admit it.

Remarkably a few industrial firms anticipated last winter's gas cutbacks and wrote to the Department of Commerce for help. Their requests went largely unheeded. The government was caught totally off-guard and had made few advance plans other than to accumulate statistics on how interstate pipeline companies would not curtail the supply significantly enough to exert a major effect on the energy problem. The oil industry, however, surprised everyone (as the Japanese did at Pearl Harbor) and has been getting incredibly wealthy as our utility bills rise and rise.

Oil prices are regulated so that a basic necessity won't skyrocket out of reach. Yet the oil industry is pressing for fewer controls. It maintains that higher prices provide "incentives" to produce more and to explore new drilling sites. The giant oil companies save several billion dollars yearly through tax loopholes. If these firms were taxed on their book value—as opposed to what they report to the IRS—the federal government could collect 200 percent more tax revenue from them. The petro-companies have so much cash that it is difficult for them to find sound investments for all their money.

Instead of using that money for the development of less-costly processing

(continued on page 92)





U. Kohl

"Oh, Morris! Our little girl is growing up!"





THIRD ANNUAL UNBIASED CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO MEN'S MAGAZINES

by Garrett Morris

For this year's annual review of men's magazines we wanted a different perspective, but it did have to be an accurate, professional *and* unbiased opinion. One of our associate editors, Todd David Schwartz, said he knew the right person for the job: Garrett Morris of NBC-TV's *Saturday Night Live*. We said go ahead and call the

Photography by Frank DeLia

crazy man. Tell him that he's got *carte blanche* to write from the hip. If he pans *HUSTLER*, we'll eat crow and publish what he's written.

Here's the result!

TODD: Garrett? Todd.

GARRETT: My good man. What's happening, Todd?

TODD: You are. *HUSTLER*'s Executive Editor, Bruce David, wants you to review last year's crop of sex-oriented magazines.

GARRETT: Why me?

TODD: He read a memo in which I pointed out that you were an expert on the subject.

GARRETT: You wrote that?

TODD: Yeah! I said that you've been doing research on porn for a long time now, that you know all about the pinup queens—especially Betty Page, Blaze Starr, Lily Christine and the rest—and that the stack of magazines in your back room should be the first entry into the Perversion Hall of Fame.

GARRETT: This you wrote to the executive editor of a magazine that's read by several million people?

TODD: At least 10 million. But don't thank me. You'd be doing us a favor. There's not much time before we go to press, and you're the only one I know who could write this without having to leave your house to do research. I mean, man, you have actual copies of *Wink* and *Flirt*, those old pinup mags from the '40s.

GARRETT: Well, Todd, you know I have been doing serious research—not into porn, but into sexual energy. I think I should make that distinction. I have been researching sexual energy, and these porno books have been an enormous help.

TODD: I'll bet. I told Bruce you said that. We both agreed that any man who could tell that lie while his hand was still wet is the best man for the job. Will you go ahead and do it?

GARRETT: Todd, let me put it to you this way: *HUSTLER* Magazine is a nauseating piece of slime, published by sick, demented cretins, and no self-respecting writer would ever write for them.

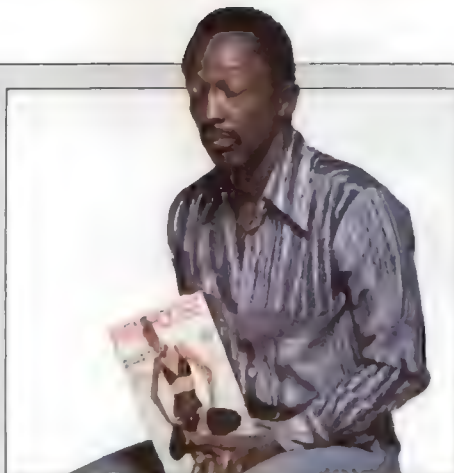
TODD: You mean you'll do it?

GARRETT: Of course. How could I refuse? Larry Flynt took unvarnished swill, passed it off as literature, and perverts all over the world made him a millionaire. Could I refuse a man like that?

TODD: He is a great guy, all right.

GARRETT: But, Todd, how do I begin to tell the story? Where do

(continued on page 58)



On the plus side: "Couples," the section in which couples discuss their sexual activities and opinions. Also the article "Mexican Nightmare" in its January 1977 issue.

On the minus side: Save for "Couples," you might as well buy *Playboy*.



On the plus side: *Playboy*'s editorial policy is the best and most consistent.

On the minus side: There is no raunch here, the models are cold and sterile, and the sexual limitations are among the most rigid in the industry.



On the plus side: For my money, the most consistently good-looking models in the men's magazine business.

On the minus side: No editorial policy.



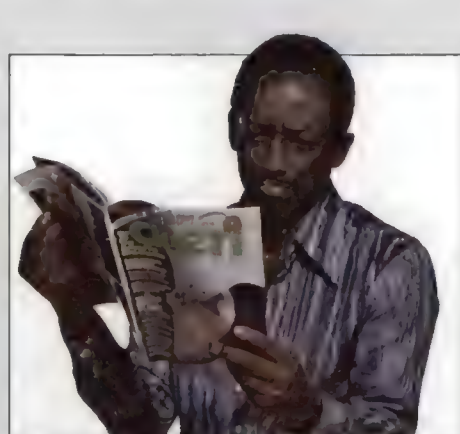
On the plus side: I like the aura of playful sensuality. There are numerous wide-open shots, and the models are vulnerable, accessible, real. Its best feature is "The Girl Next Door," a steal from another magazine.

On the minus side: No clear editorial policy; too much *Playboy* influence.



On the plus side: None.

On the minus side: Just as bad as *Oui* and *Gallery*. No editorial policy.



On the plus side: I find none.

On the minus side: It, too, is a bad copy of *HUSTLER*. There is no editorial policy. But the worst thing about this magazine is the rantings and ravings of Terry Kolb, Maureen Murphy, Honeysuckle Divine and the like.



On the plus side: *Beaver Hunt*, the article "The Real Obscenity: War" (January 1977) and Allison, a model in the April 1977 issue. HUSTLER is the best combination of the "good" and the "bad." It has a good editorial policy, and save for *Club*, the models are the sexiest and most attractive in the men's magazine business.

On the minus side: HUSTLER is now in the position of success that *Playboy* was in. I ask: "Will success spoil Larry Flynt?"



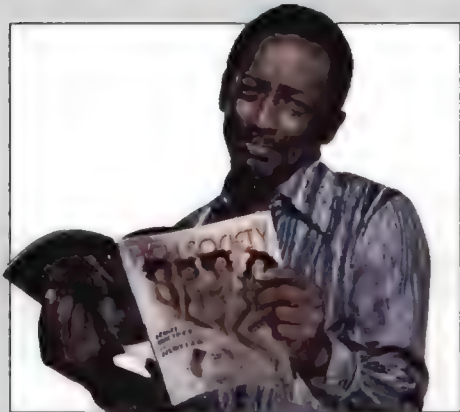
On the plus side: It costs less than *Genesis* and it's a thicker book.

On the minus side: The sexual boundaries are as limited as *Playboy*'s, and the models are photographed with that cold European technique that would be better for *Viva*.



On the plus side: The quality of the photography equals *Club*'s and HUSTLER's; the models are as attractive and vulnerable.

On the minus side: Not enough of the models. No editorial policy.



On the plus side: None.

On the minus side: It's a bad copy of HUSTLER. There is no editorial policy. It also had the inane advice of a young lady named Ms. Sue Richards.



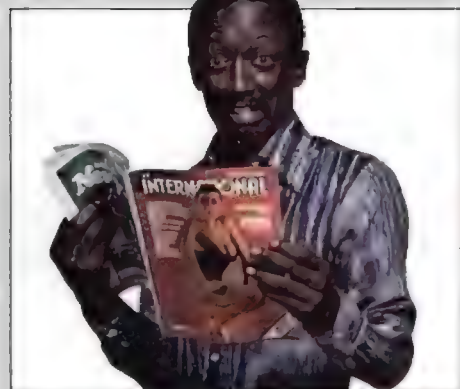
On the plus side: Hmm, Marilyn Chambers.

On the minus side: It's a bad copy of *Penthouse*, which is a copy of *Playboy*. Despite a few pink shots, it can't get out of the conservative, *Playboy* formula.



On the plus side: It's the only black magazine in the field, outside of the virtually unknown *Unique*.

On the minus side: It isn't doing very much for the sexual movement in general or black sex in particular. The quality of the photography and of most of the models leaves much to be desired. No editorial policy.



On the plus side: Not much.

On the minus side: Poor camera techniques obscure any attractiveness the women might have. No editorial policy, and a horrible photo layout of an old woman whose name I forget.



On the plus side: The Richard Pryor interview in its October 1977 issue. A few wide-open pink shots.

On the minus side: Tina Russell. Also the format is not substantially different from *Cheri* or *High Society*, or any of the other HUSTLER imitators.



On the plus side: This magazine is no longer in business. Though HUSTLER used Goldstein's format successfully, Goldstein himself was unable to do so. Perhaps it was because *National Screw* presented nothing new, containing only a tired rehash of popular articles previously published in *Screw*.

I start? I have no data, no statistical claptrap, no bibliographies to refer to. Some shortsighted people may even regard my work as mere jerking off—for my research was and is organic, emotional, filled with passion and feeling. I have had to work on the highways and byways, in dark corners and dark alleys. So where do I start?

TODD: At the very beginning. When did you start conducting your research on sexual energy?

GARRETT: I started when I was about five years old.

TODD: And what was the subject of your first experiment?

GARRETT: The comic strips and Brenda Starr's lips.

TODD: You too?

GARRETT: Later I graduated to Daisy Mae, but the first time I saw Brenda's lips, I knew there was more to them than met the eye.

TODD: How come?

GARRETT: Brenda's lips made me feel horny. Later Daisy Mae's ass turned my dick to stone—or my "thing," as my grandmother called it the first time she surprised me in the bedroom with the momentous question, "Boy! Are you playing with your 'thing'?" I couldn't answer her, since she had chosen the most inopportune time to surprise me. (She was good at that.) The comic strips were a revolutionary discovery.

TODD: Why?

GARRETT: They were a public forum, viewed by millions of people. Here in the innocent comic strips—an institution approved by my grandmother—I saw the most sensuously drawn bodies, and I was filled with the most deliciously raunchy, wicked feelings. You see, by

Where I grew up, racism and fundamentalist religion made sexual evolvment even more painful.

then I'd already learned that sex and sexual feelings were wrong.

TODD: Like practically every other boy and girl in the country.

GARRETT: Yeah. But down in New Orleans, where I grew up, racism and religion made sexual evolvment even more painful. Racists told you that sex between black and white was immoral and unnatural. Religious zealots told you that anything not approved by the church was immoral and unnatural. Between them, they took care of everything that felt good. Remember, we're talking about fundamentalist religion.

Jimmy Carter is a fundamentalist. I understand what he means when he talks about lusting in his heart. "Lust" and "sex" are very real things to a young southern boy. The preachers save those words for their most virulent speeches against the whores and pimps, who were also involved in sex. Just being built in a sexy way was suspect. A concerned mother would tell her precociously built daughter, "It don't matter how sexy your body is; if you act like a lady, you'll be treated like a lady."

What was unsaid was the real thing: If she's sexy, assume she's not a lady, because a lady is good, and sex and sex-

ual feelings are bad. This in a city that literally reeked with sensuality. The pace was slow and languid, the climate was hot and tropical, and the black women I was surrounded by were all warm, friendly and built like brick shithouses. In such an environment, resisting those evil sex feelings was next to impossible. So I did what any self-respecting five-year-old would do.

TODD: What?

GARRETT: I beat my meat in my bedroom at night, when my grandparents were asleep. Although, as I've said, my grandmother surprised me sometimes. She made it hard for me to find a place where I could beat off in peace, with Brenda and Daisy Mae and Winnie Winkle. I literally craved the electric raunchiness they inspired in me.

I knew that these feelings were dirty, evil. I knew that lusting was wrong, but here I was, lusting for and wallowing in the wicked, the evil. And loving every minute of it. I knew I must be the only one who knew this, so I kept my comic strips a closely guarded secret until Bob Harrison came along with *Wink, Titter* and *Flirt*, and Irving Klaw came along with bondage model Betty Page.

The bookstore (it was really a drugstore) was across the street from the park. Ah, how many blissful hours did I spend browsing through *Wink, Titter, Flirt*? How many times did I gaze, and gaze again, at each delicious curve of hip and thigh of Betty and Blaze, Irish McCalla, Tempest Storm, Busty Brown and later Diana Weber? If the comics were a revolutionary discovery, Harrison's magazines were like cyclotron bombs. Here was a celebration of sex. Not only the sexual feelings I'd been taught to regard as wicked and evil, but a celebration, too, of the kind of beauty I had been taught to look upon as bad.

Just like the black women I'd been weaned on, these white women all had wide hips and full bosoms and seemed to be aware of—and proud of—the effect their bodies were having on me. And, goodness sakes alive, some were dressed in bra and panties only! In the '40s that was the same as being naked. I felt relieved to know there were others like me, others who found pleasure in the wicked and who wanted to bring the wicked out. I wanted to have these evil feelings come out of the closet of my mind, combine with the good in me and make me whole.

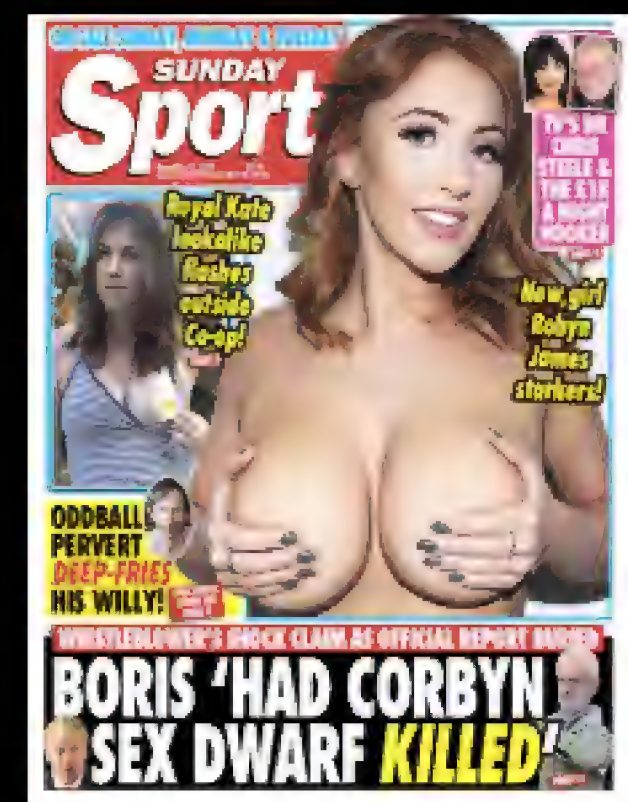
I would have remained a member of a small minority had it not been for publisher Hugh Hefner. He did for pornography exactly what Benny Goodman did for jazz. Hefner took the essence of

(continued on page 102)



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CHRISSY

LOOKING TO START SOMETHING





Now that she's finally out of school, 18-year-old Chrissy plans to make up for lost time. "I particularly want to see what I've been missing. I'm curious to find out about older men, since boys my own age are so shallow.

"To tell the truth, most of what I know about sex and men is hearsay from the other girls," she admits. "Still, I have a pretty good idea of how to hold a man's interest." Now working as a model in Glendale, California, Chrissy is taking a tack totally opposite from that of her schoolmates.

"Most of them are just gold diggers," she says. "But I believe that there are some things better than money—like a

firm, muscular body and athletic ability." Chrissy reports that she goes for the nature-boy types. Her favorite fantasy involves being overpowered by someone like Tarzan. An amateur athlete herself, Chrissy uses weekend waterskiing and sailing expeditions to scout for her kind of man.

Chrissy has a whole new world opening up for her, and all she needs is someone with the muscle to pull her through.





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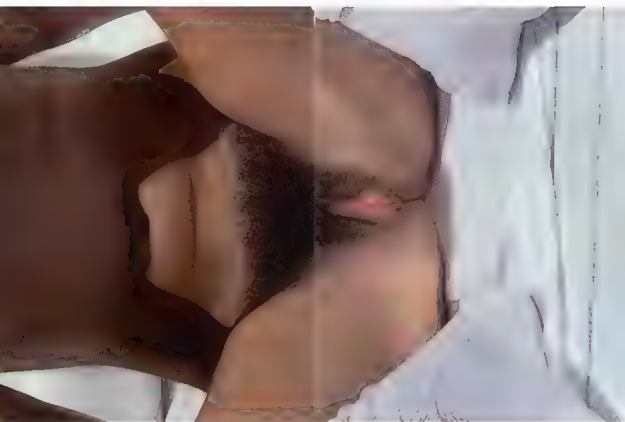
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Saint Peter was logging in new arrivals at the Pearly Gates when he looked up and saw a black guy standing right in front of him.

"And what do *you* want?" Saint Peter asked with a hint of prejudice in his voice.

"You mean there aren't any black people in there?" asked the black guy.

"Yes, but they are very special people. What makes you think you're so special?"

"I'll have you know I'm the first black man to marry a white woman in Plains, Georgia."

"When did you do that?" asked Saint Peter.

The black guy looked at his watch. "Well, 'bout two-and-a-half minutes ago."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *royal flush* as: Her Majesty's douche.

Two guys were fishing and only one was catching any fish, the other not getting a bite. Finally the one guy said to his buddy, "You're doing great! What are you using for bait?"

"Well," said the other, "I know a guy who runs a funeral home and everytime he gets a female body in, he cuts off her pussy lips and puts them in a bucket for me. About once a week I come by and pick them up. They make great bait."

"I've been watching you," his friend said, "and everytime you take one of them out of the bucket, I notice that you put it up to your nose and smell it. Why do you do that?"

"Every now and then the crazy son of a bitch puts an asshole in here!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Chinese cunnilinguist* as: tongue chow.

Because an old country preacher always dragged out his sermons and bored the people so much, they decided to play a joke on him. All the time he was preaching, he always drank plenty of water.

One Sunday some of the men filled his pitcher half with water and half with vodka. He started preaching slowly and drinking his water; then he started speaking faster and drank more water and preached a powerful sermon. After the preacher had finished, everyone congratulated him on his wonderful sermon.

"One thing bothers me though," said a member of the congregation. "I always thought Cain *slew* Abel. I didn't know he kicked the shit out of him!"

HUSTLER HUMOR



...and if you think that's funny...

Rushing into a bar, a guy hopped up on a barstool, grabbed the bartender and said, "Wait'll you hear the great Polish joke I just heard!"

Without a word the bartender drew back a meaty fist and knocked the customer flat. "Damnit," said the bartender. "I'm Polish and I'm sick of all those jokes about my people."

Rubbing his jaw, the customer went up to another guy who had just come in and gave him the same pitch about the Polish joke. He, too, turned out to be Polish—and broke the customer's nose.

Determined to tell his joke, the customer waited until a Chicano came in. He said to the Chicano, "Wait'll you hear my great Polish joke!" Furious, the Chicano lit into him with both hamlike fists, knocking the man off the barstool.

"Why did *you* hit me?" he asked. "Surely *you're* not Polish."

"No," said the Chicano. "I'm not Polish. I'm an abortion. My *mother* was Polish."

A young boy discovered a new way to power his skateboard. He'd hold on to his dog's tail and let Fido pull him. A conscientious old lady questioned the boy as to this seemingly cruel abuse of his pet and asked if he couldn't try to find another way to propel his skateboard.

The little boy replied, "Yes, ma'm, I could grab onto his balls, but that's my passing gear!"

One evening a husband and wife were discussing gift ideas for Christmas.

"I'd like to give my mother something really practical," said the husband.

"Give the old bat a muzzle," muttered his wife.

"For Dad I'd like to get something he's *always* wanted."

"How about a one-way ticket to Siberia," deadpanned the wife.

"... and for my brother I'll get something he *needs*."

"Eight-and-a-half more inches," said the wife.

In a logging camp out in the wilds, the newly hired logger noticed how freely and noisily the men would fart after their heavy evening meal of beans and cabbage. All around him he heard the noisy explosions: *Ptooh! Frooff! Trooomp!!*

He decided to be uninhibited himself and ventured a discreet *Thbb!* The head logger leaped to his feet, whirled his ax over his head and then slammed it quivering into the plank table.

"All right, men!" he snarled. "The virgin is min-n-ne!"

Quizzing her class about American history, the teacher asked, "Who said, 'Give me liberty or give me death?'" The class looked puzzled, but a Japanese boy raised his hand and said, "Patrick Henry, 1775."

She then asked who said, "This government of the people, by the people, for the people..."

Once more the class looked dumbfounded, except for the Japanese boy, who answered confidently, "Abraham Lincoln, 1863."

The teacher was disappointed with the rest of the class. "You should all be ashamed. This boy is not even a native American and he knows more than the rest of you."

A wise kid in the back of the room yelled out, "Fuck the Japs!"

"Who said that?!" cried the teacher.

The entire class responded, "Harry Truman, 1945."

Question: What has 500 legs but can't even walk?

Answer: 250 polio victims.

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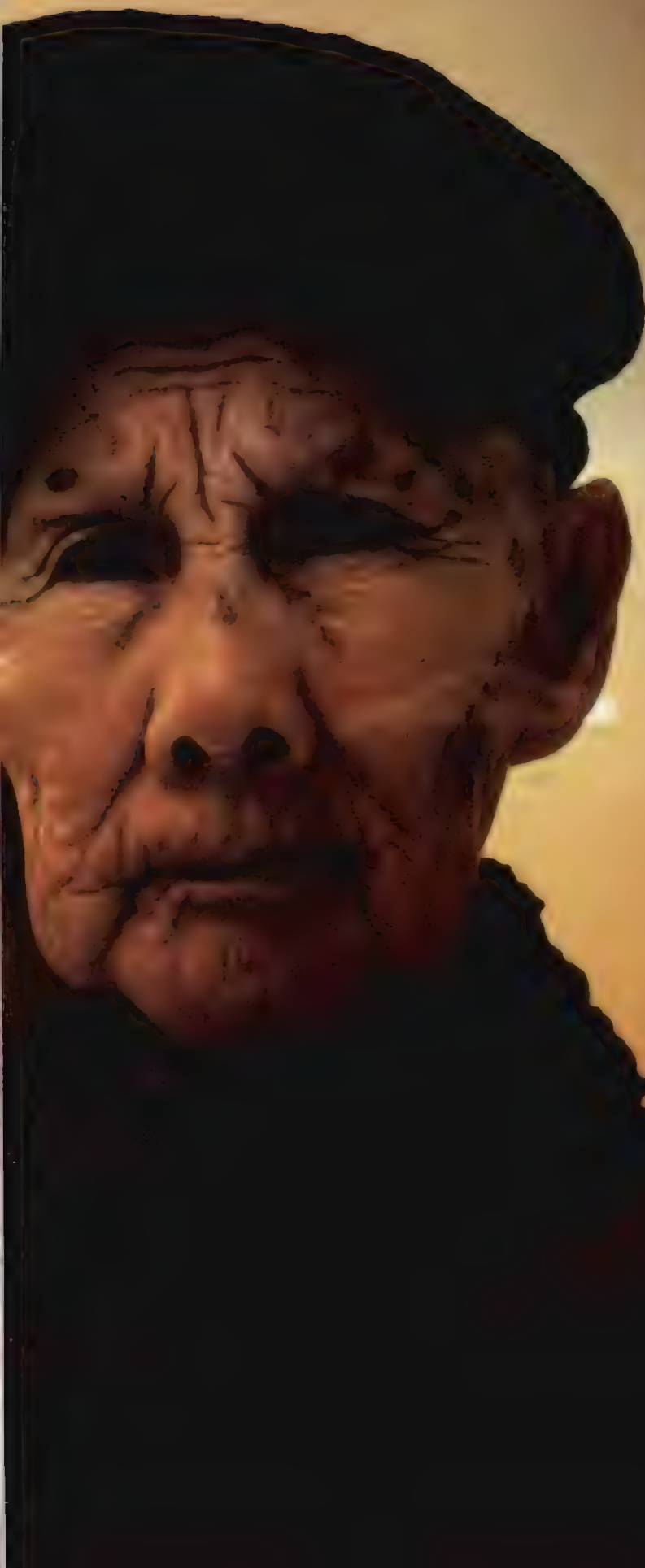
CHESTER THE MOLESTER



THE STATE OF THE INDIAN NATION

A SPECIAL REPORT BY CHARLES RAISCH
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB DAY





I'm picking my way through roast beef and sipping a glass of harsh Bordeaux in the dining room of the Americana Hotel in Manhattan. I am thinking about my assignment. HUSTLER wants me to investigate the current situation of the American Indian and tell its readers what the state of the American Indian Nation is today. The press and television news only handle Indian stories when something sensational or violent happens—as with the Siege of Wounded Knee in 1973—and then the stories consist of daily press “briefings” by the FBI or the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA).

Bob Day, the photographer who's been chosen to work with me, is supposed to meet me here so I can explain our assignment. I see the headwaiter talking with a guy at the door and pointing to my table. Day has arrived. We map out Maine, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, California, New Mexico, Florida and Washington, D. C. We'll talk with the Penobscot, Chippewa, Sioux, Navajo and Seminole. We will go to the “Red Ghetto” in Minneapolis, Wounded Knee, the Everglades and BIA headquarters.

MAINE The Penobscot and the Passamaquoddy

Day and I leave Manhattan on a scorching, humid Sunday. Our flight from New York City is brief. We head for tiny River Indian Island to talk with the Indians who, on behalf of the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes, are making the biggest land claim in the history of America.

A few days earlier I'd seen a *New York Times* article about Indians claiming two-thirds of the land in Maine. The U.S. Justice Department, representing the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes, is suing that state for the return of 5 to 10 million acres of aboriginal land or \$25 billion in back rent.

The suit is based on terms of the Indian Non-Intercourse Act of 1790,



A Penobscot home on River Indian Island. Will Maine have a new "landlord"?

which declared any treaties with Indian tribes *not specifically approved by Congress* to be "null and void." This act voids a treaty of 1794 that gave Maine 12.5 million acres of Indian land, leaving the Penobscot and the Passamaquoddy virtually nothing.

For the last 20 years the state government has been laughing at the claim—even refusing to talk with tribal governments or attorneys. But now, with this litigation holding up hospital and school construction, public bond issues and title transfers in dozens of towns across nearly one-half the land area of Maine, the laughing has stopped.

Nick Sapiel, Indian governor of the Penobscot, and John Stevens, governor of the Passamaquoddy, are establishing a new way of life for their two tribes, which are located on two separate reservations totaling 27,000 acres. Both men are conscious of the fact that they're giving Maine a swift kick in the ass.

"In the old days Maine would spit on us and we thought it was raining!" Sapiel grins. He's a big man, who laughs gut-

turally: "We're Maine's new landlords!"

Since the Justice Department has agreed to prosecute the state of Maine, and to take on individual landowners as well, panic has struck. The 15 large corporations and family trusts that control 90 percent of the state's land area are doing all they can to scare the small landowners and townspeople of Maine. Using politicians and newspapers, this small but powerful group is waging a campaign to convince everyone that the Indians are going to take their—the little guy's—land.

"The last thing we want to do is turn anyone out of his home," Sapiel tells us. "These paper mills got control over Maine land at pennies an acre and have been sitting on it for over a hundred years. It's just a tax write-off for them. But... it's *our* land, not theirs!"

The Indians have been willing to settle out of court all along, but Maine's Governor James Longley, Republican Congressman William Cohen and State Attorney General Joseph Brennan are riding a white backlash—a new movement throughout America—and have taken a hard line. Their position is that the Indians have no valid claim. This was also their stand six years ago, when all that the tribes asked for was five miles on either side of the Penobscot River. Maine could have gotten off cheaply then, but now \$300 million has already been awarded to the Indians in lieu of land, and much more is coming.

But as a result of the official state position and the propaganda tactics of Maine's major landowners, tension is rising. The Ku Klux Klan, which burned a cross on River Indian Island not long ago, has recently been reacti-

vated. There are sporadic fistfights along the borders of the two reservations and there are constant threats of organized violence against the tribes.

Sapiel says that the Indians are only laying claim to what is theirs and will not be thrown off track by terrorism. "There's a rifle in every house on the reservation," Sapiel says. "We're ready for a fight if it comes. We threw the Klan off last time and we'll be happy to throw them off again."

At first the small landowners and businessmen on the boundaries of the Penobscot reservation were worried. Jerry Anderson, a Bangor cop who moonlights as a security guard, tells me: "When the Bangor paper was running headlines about how the Indians were going to kick me out of my house and take the six acres my grandfather gave me, I took out my gun and oiled it."

"It was all a scare tactic. I was ready to fight at first. But when I talked with the Indians themselves, I realized it was just the politicians and corporations trying to fool us."

"I go hunting and fishing with the Indians all the time," he says, "ever since I was a kid.... They're better friends to me than all these attorneys and big landowners. What the hell have these corporations ever done for me? Nothing, that's what!"

MINNEAPOLIS The Chippewa

We wrapped up our business in Maine and caught an early-morning flight to Minneapolis to meet with Indian leaders and health-care workers

Nick Sapiel, Tribal Governor, is helping the Penobscot regain millions of acres of land in Maine.





Minneapolis: One of thousands of Indians hopelessly trapped in another American ghetto.

there. Minneapolis is the center for mid-western Indians living off the reservation—more than 16,000 Indians, mostly Chippewa and Sioux (also called Dakota), who live in a tightly segregated midtown district known as the “Red Ghetto.” This 16-block area encompasses Franklin Avenue—a stretch characterized by its alleys, used-clothing stores and shabby bars.

A recent Hennepin County (incorporating Minneapolis) report reveals that, as a group, Indians already have three strikes against them. They are the most impoverished and least employed in the area (triple the local unemployment rate) and suffer a higher rate of environment-related diseases, such as alcoholism, than any other group. The down-and-out Indian faces tough nights sleeping in the street with only a bottle of cheap port to soften winter temperatures that often dip to 20 or more degrees below zero.

This ghetto is the birthplace of the American Indian Movement (AIM), a militant organization founded in July 1968 by Dennis Banks and Clyde Bellecourt “to combat the injustices inflicted on Indians by a hostile, white world.” AIM set up and still operates legal and health services, Indian survival schools (to furnish guidance to the young) and advisory groups to assist Indians caught in the ever-upward spiral of arrests and drunkenness.

AIM presents an alternative to programs run by the federal government. In Minneapolis the Bureau of Indian Affairs has opened an Indian cultural center, and the Indian Health Service operates a clinic. Despite the efforts of AIM and of the federal government, everyday life for the majority of the

Indian community in the “Red Ghetto” remains unchanged.

National headquarters for AIM is still here in Minneapolis. I hold council with John Trudell, AIM’s national chairman, and Clyde Bellecourt, its minister of education, at the greasy counter of the Chef Coffee Shop.

Trudell and Bellecourt are stressing education these days. AIM has established the Heart of the Earth and the Red Schoolhouse Indian survival schools and provides an alternative for more than 100 children who would otherwise be forced into schools chosen for them by the BIA, where they would undergo BIA-planned “acculturation.” Many of the schools the BIA contracts with are private Mormon, Protestant and Catholic academies hundreds of miles from the children’s homes. (In one case, for example, kids are sent more than 6,000 miles away from homes in Alaska to BIA boarding schools in Oklahoma.) And if they aren’t sent to private schools, they are usually bused from their neighborhood to a school on the other side of town.

For the Indian children herded through this system, the process proves more destructive than educational. It seems intentionally designed to stomp out any sense of Indian identity.

According to AIM, the curriculum in these BIA-contract schools presents the American Indian as either a subhuman savage or a hopeless drunkard. Children are taught that the Indian is a bad gene in the evolutionary development of America. And this type of spiritual genocide, rather than creating productive members of society, perpetuates the problems faced by the Indians in Minneapolis—and throughout the country.

The cycle is predictable—and vicious. The Indian kids are usually the poorest and the shyest in the classroom. They can’t afford new clothes like the white kids, and many have a partial or full language gap since they speak only Chippewa at home. As a result, they are often held back in class and tend to be truant. As soon as an Indian child skips a few classes, the truant officers and welfare workers search the neighborhood for him—and the all-too-familiar pattern of juvenile crime begins. Eventually it all leads to a life of unemployment, dependency and alcoholism. Young, adult male Indians are killing themselves at a higher rate than any other group or class in the country. Twenty-two out of every 100,000 commit outright suicide (nearly twice the national average), while most opt for the slow consumption of alcohol as a more viable, less violent alternative.

So it’s not surprising that AIM was born in this urban ghetto—perhaps the largest Indian ghetto in the country. AIM’s medical, counseling and educational alternatives to the BIA programs were and are sorely needed, but its militancy has created problems.

Clyde Bellecourt tells me that poverty is nothing new to Indians. They’re used to it. It’s a way of life. But what AIM views as social injustice and cultural genocide is something it will tolerate no longer. AIM has made it clear that it will fight, causing a great deal of inter-

Clyde Bellecourt (right), a co-founder of AIM, and John Trudell, its national chairman.





The Indian culture center in Minneapolis works hard to maintain ancient tribal traditions.

nal political conflict in tribes all across the United States.

Some reservations ban AIM, claiming the organization's radical views and methods do more to contribute to the plight of the Indian Nation than to rectify it. Nevertheless, when AIM finally did strike out to prove the seriousness of its intent, many Indians sought the conservative shelter of the status quo.

SOUTH DAKOTA The Oglala Sioux

In 1973 the country witnessed a 71-day armed siege at Wounded Knee, a small village on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota and home of the Oglala Sioux. A small band of AIM members, supported by as many as 200 Oglala Sioux, occupied a church and a trading post, taking hostages and holding at bay a force of federal marshals, BIA police and hundreds of FBI agents who employed armored personnel carriers, tanks and helicopters. (Now the church has been burned to the ground; the trading post and other houses and buildings have been torn down and heaped with garbage. Broken glass, rusted corrugated tin roofing and smashed concrete and wood are the only remains of the confrontation.)

The violence stemmed from the murder of W. Bad Heart Bull, an Indian who died of stab wounds inflicted by a white man. The assailant was charged with second-degree murder, but the Indians felt that he should have been charged with first-degree murder. A series of demonstrations followed—culminating in the takeover at Wounded Knee. Demands of the "insurgent" Sioux included new elections to unseat the tribal chairman, as well as U.S. Senate probes of the BIA, of 371 treaties made with the Indians and of the government's treatment of Indians.

Since 1973, things have grown worse. Officially unemployment on the Pine Ridge Reservation is a staggering 60 percent, but unofficially it's much higher, since many no longer bother to search for jobs that don't exist. Average annual income is \$1,910 and as many as half of the male adults on the reservation are alcoholics. The suicide rate here is ten times the national average and the infant mortality rate is also substantially higher. The Oglala Sioux should be rich because of valuable grazing-land holdings and the coal and oil deposits under the reservation. But, in fact, it is one of the most destitute tribes in the country. It's wealth has been taken by outside

corporations, local governments (controlled by white ranchers), banks and eastern financial interests.

When Day and I arrive in Rapid City, South Dakota, we head immediately for the Pine Ridge Reservation. We find little cooperation from the people we meet; most look over the two white outsiders and conclude that we are FBI men. Operating under this assumption, people here flatly refuse to talk to us, and a number of them literally run away when we approach.

The next morning at Pine Ridge we meet with Al Trimble, tribal chairman of the Oglala Sioux, and he drives us around the reservation.

The tar shacks that dot this huge, desolate reservation represent a critical housing shortage matched only by the transportation crisis, Trimble says. No buses run between the villages and hamlets. Families often must sign over their land payments, food stamps or welfare checks to the local trading post, or else pay as much as \$30 for a ride into the town of Pine Ridge to get cash.

The Pine Ridge Reservation is very uptight. While Trimble has managed to solve some of the problems on the reservation, the Sioux here are still afraid of retaliation from the government.

Following the 1973 takeover the FBI carried out a virtual reign of terror against the Sioux, who had protected

Aaron Desersa, editor of the Crazy Horse News, and his family. Son Byron was murdered.



more than 200 participants of the occupation of Wounded Knee. Residents claimed to have been threatened, tortured, questioned in the middle of the night and repeatedly taken from their homes to give statements about local activists or AIM leaders. This culminated in a shootout in 1975 in which two FBI agents—Jack Coler and Ronald Williams—were killed. An Indian named Leonard Peltier was arrested and charged with the murders and is now serving two consecutive life sentences.

According to the FBI, agents Coler and Williams were trying to serve arrest warrants when residents of the village opened fire in a prearranged ambush, with Indians shooting from foxholes and bunkers. The FBI claims that the agents were surrounded and had attempted to surrender. AIM gunmen, the FBI maintains, made the agents kneel in front of their car, then pumped lead into their bodies in an "execution-style murder."

Oglala residents countercharge that Coler and Williams began the sniping. "Somebody was shooting at our house!" Peltier claimed. Candy Hamilton, who lives in the Jumping Bull Compound (a small cluster of houses), points to holes in the walls, which she claims show that the two FBI agents were riddling the area with gunfire aimed indiscriminately at the homes of women, children and old people.

Charged with the first-degree murder of the agents, in addition to Peltier, were Robert Robideau, Dino Butler and Jimmy Eagle. Charges against Eagle were dropped, while Robideau and Butler were acquitted at their trial in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in the summer of 1976. The judge openly charged the FBI with responsibility for the murders and for creating "an atmosphere of terror on the reservation." The judge urged an investigation into the FBI's tactics.

In the late winter of 1976, Peltier—after being arrested and extradited from Canada, where he'd gone underground—was brought to trial in Fargo, North Dakota. Apparently Cedar Rapids belongs to a different judicial system than Fargo. U.S. Chief District Court Judge Paul Benson ruled as inadmissible the bulk of Peltier's defense, based on FBI responsibility for the shootout, and announced: "The FBI is not on trial here!"

A paranoid mood still haunts Pine Ridge. Trimble says that at night three bands of white vigilantes currently roam the reservation in pickup trucks, sniping at and running cars off the road. In the last three years alone there have been at least 50 unsolved murders.

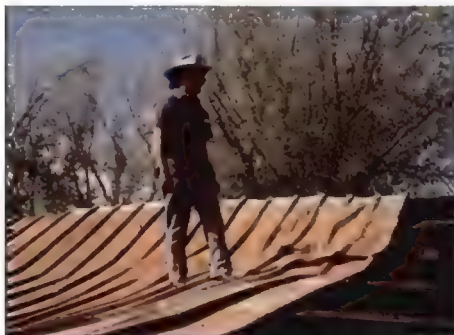
Byron DeSersa, a paralegal assistant



Pine Ridge Reservation: The Oglala Sioux should be rich, but the tribe is, in fact, destitute.

and the son of Aaron DeSersa, editor of the *Crazy Horse News*—a local paper—was murdered in front of several persons. The DeSersa home was also fire-bombed and members of the DeSersa family have been threatened. Hundreds of Oglala families have met similar tragedies in the past few years.

More than 100 cases of assault with a deadly weapon are reported each year



Al Trimble, Tribal Chairman of the Oglala, stands amid the debris of Wounded Knee.

and there are twice that number of reported rapes. In an Indian population of 14,500, this gives the shrinking 2 million-acre reservation the highest murder, rape, assault and traffic death rates in the country, and no doubt contributes to the average Indian's life span here of 44 years.

CALIFORNIA Dennis Banks Retires

A few days later I'm in California, sitting on the grass at D-Q Indian and Chicano University, talking with a very cautious Dennis Banks.

Banks, a co-founder of the American Indian Movement and its national director from 1968 until 1977, is best known for his role in the Wounded Knee Siege of 1973, the 1972 "Trail of

Broken Treaties" Indian Caravan to Washington, D.C., and the 19-month occupation of Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay. His reputation throughout the mass media is that of a dirty, cop-shooting renegade and outside agitator who moves onto peaceful reservations, preaching violent revolution. In fact, official BIA press releases call him a Communist.

But Indian scholars and historians feel that Banks is—like Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert Kennedy—a charismatic, successful national leader and political organizer.

It may be because of his skill in national leadership that the FBI considers Banks dangerous. The FBI has repeatedly tried to frame him and put him away. It planted *agent provocateur* Douglas Durham as Banks's right-hand man until Durham confessed to his role as a violence-monger. The FBI has been so obsessed with putting Banks behind bars that it presented false evidence, committed perjury and threatened witnesses at Banks's 1974 Wounded Knee leadership trial in Minneapolis. U.S. District Judge Frederick J. Nichol dismissed all charges against Banks, claiming that the FBI should be brought to trial for Wounded Knee 1973 instead of the Indians involved.

Banks's new image is one of an Indian professor to the students at D-Q, where he teaches Native American Religion and Philosophy, and Indian Law. He lives in a big white Winnebago camper (given to him by actor Marlon Brando) parked along a mud drive behind the school, near Davis. Banks is overseeing the construction of several groups of sweat lodges, which we aren't allowed to photograph because of tribal customs, and a huge earth lodge—one of the biggest ever built, with a four-foot-thick upright log forming the center support.

Banks has been investing his money in seeds for corn, wheat and potatoes, which he hopes will make the university self-sufficient. A dozen acres are planted now. All other farms in the area are rationing water and applying for state and federal emergency aid, but D-Q—built on the site of an old Army communications center—is served by an 800-foot-deep artesian well, the best water source in the area.

In 1947 the Army built the base on



Former militant and AIM leader Dennis Banks gave up politics for a teaching career.

the top of a gradual knoll, which spreads from the Sacramento River valley across rice fields and burned grasslands to the coastal range. In November 1970 a group of Indians climbed over the fence surrounding the abandoned base, claiming the same legal principle as the Alcatraz takeover: Unused government property reverts to the original landowner. The small band of Indians occupied the base illegally until U.S. Senator Alan Cranston (Democrat-California) went to bat for a proposal from the Indians that an Indian and Chicano cultural university be established here on the site.

Cranston arranged for the school to get the deed for the property from the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, as well as several educational grants totaling more than \$100,000. Indian educators from all over the United States applied to D-Q, not for money but to accept the challenge of a free curriculum. And Banks, after all he's been through, has opted for a life of

teaching Indians about themselves. He's retired from AIM.

"It's just not worth it," he claims.

NEW MEXICO The Navajo

We're in Gallup, New Mexico, the Indian capital of the United States. A white middle-class rancher kid in his 20s has jumped out of his orange, white-walled '76 Chevy Ranchero and is running at an old man begging handouts from cars stopping at the intersection.

"Get the fuck away from me!" the kid screams. Then he slugs the old guy in the face and shoves him down on the concrete. The old guy's head strikes the ground as the kid kicks the old man in the stomach, groin and ass.

All this is happening in the middle of an intersection jammed with pickups, station wagons and Cadillacs backed up from all four directions—and the occupants watch the beating.

Later, when I tell this story to Navajo leaders, they are unmoved. All races have a class of people who are despondent and turn to drink to make life more bearable, I'm told. Navajo caught in this trap are—like anybody else—stuck there by unemployment, poor education, poverty and little or no medical care. The Navajo councilmen I talk with believe that social programs such as welfare and food stamps merely perpetuate the grievous situation.

Their answer to the problem (first and foremost): jobs for Indians, both on and off the reservations. The councilmen stress that employment at decent wages would establish a solid working generation of Navajo and create a better local economy, higher self-respect and brighter futures for the generations that follow on the Navajo Indian Reserva-

At D-Q University: Teaching the old ways, trying to preserve a disappearing culture.



tion—the largest reservation in the U.S.

To bring their solution nearer to reality, the Navajo council has approved proposals from the El Paso Natural Gas Corporation and the WESCO Company to build two huge coal-gasification plants and four power plants. In 1975 the council brought in the Peabody Coal Company to start the huge Black Mesa strip-mining project. With all the construction and mining that has already begun, it would seem that the Navajo are making progress toward the realization of their "solution." But they're not.

The corporations involved are bringing in white skilled workers—and their families—by the thousands to build these projects. Even when the plants are completed and the mining is underway on a full scale, the Indians will probably get only a small percentage of the jobs available—and those will be for unskilled laborers.

The Indian lands of the western states—lands once considered worthless—are now worth their weight in gold. According to the National Indian Youth Council, 50 percent of the uranium and 60 percent of the coal and oil in the United States is on Indian land. This means that major corporations that are making the investments to build and extract these resources are not about to give up their interests when the gasification plants are built and the ore is finally mined. Already white boomtowns have sprung up near the construction and mining sites. As they grow and





Corporate lawyers have made many ruthless deals to strip the Indian of his last legacy—the land

the political climate solidifies, a public referendum or election could bring about change. A pocket of whites could organize their own county under the state system, and the Indians could lose a big chunk of land. Of course, the Indians have already signed 99-year contracts, virtually giving away their mineral rights for pennies a ton.

The fact is that Indians don't have the business experience and expertise to deal with major white-owned corporations, nor do they have anyone looking out for their interests. The Bureau of Indian Affairs simply looked the other way as the Navajo signed away their wealth. Furthermore, the Indians don't understand the legal system enough to know who or what organization to hire to represent their interests outside the council. And this lack of experience and legal know-how has netted the Indians little. Under current leases, the tribe will get a fixed 15 cents a ton for coal that the companies will eventually sell for at least \$4.50 a ton.

In addition, the tragedy will be compounded by the devastation of the Indian's land. The new plants will require water—millions of gallons—to sluice coal through distribution lines. And there is only one possible source: the Navajo Indian Irrigation Project, a partially completed federal venture originally intended to make the barren Navajo lands fertile.

The water was meant to increase the

usable farmland and grazing pastures so the Indians could provide themselves with food. However, the goal of the Navajo leadership is to "modernize" its people, encouraging industry and jobs—a plan that, unfortunately, puts them at the mercy of white-owned corporations. Now the coal plants will take over half the water from the irrigation project and the boomtowns will need the rest. The Navajo will get nothing.

"You fucking writers," a young Indian growls at me. Most of the people I have met in Shiprock have been friendly, but this guy is decidedly hostile. "Making a big deal out of the power plants. We need the jobs!" Like many Navajo, he mirrors the attitudes of the council. The tribe was seemingly on its way to solving its problems—but the problems for Shiprock, the biggest town on the reservation, are just beginning.

Forget that the power plants will drain off 479 billion gallons of precious desert water, destroying 58,000 acres of invaluable farmland and grazing land. Industrial pollution from the plants—toxins such as lead, mercury, cadmium, arsenic and boron—will be in the air and will settle over the land.

According to John Redhouse, associate director of the National Indian Youth Council and a Navajo from Albuquerque, the poisons will contaminate water, food and produce, endanger lives and ultimately force evacuation of all people within 13 miles of the plants.

The upshot is that Shiprock is exactly 13 miles from the construction sites.

The white settlers in the boomtowns will probably leave long before the situation reaches the critical point. But for too many Navajo there will be no place to go. They will have no choice but to stay and die with their land.

Health Care Kills

My notebooks are already filled with stories about Indian health-care problems, but the Indian Health Service (IHS) clinic for the Navajo, in Santa Fe, typifies bureaucratic ignorance and indifference. The operation actually works *against* the health interests of the Navajo people it is ostensibly meant to serve. The hospital building does not even meet minimum fire and safety standards and the clinic itself operates "last grade service," according to IHS sources. A great deal of pressure has been placed on the staff and visiting physicians to "shut up about the conditions here." Two nurses, Valerie Koster and Sandra Kramer, were fired in 1976 after writing to the White House a letter protesting the quality of care.

The medical problems of Indians are well known here. The Navajo suffer seven times more tuberculosis, three times more cirrhosis and significantly higher incidences of diabetes, infant deaths, malnutrition and otitis media—a middle-ear infection causing deafness—than the national averages. At the Santa Fe clinic, which unfortunately is representative of the IHS national system, nonemergency operations are delayed due to inadequate funding. "We have to wait for a gall bladder to actually burst before we can operate," one doctor confides to me.

An optometry clinic has set up a priority system for treatment: Small children come first, followed by students. "Essentially the only adults we see are the ones in really bad shape," says the optometrist. Senior citizens are virtually ignored. Indians of any age who need dentures or bridgework wait up to two years simply because there are not enough dentists to handle the work.

To top it off, a recent General Accounting Office report reveals that hundreds of sterilizations have been performed here and at five other reservation centers around the country without complying with the necessary informed consent regulations.

Navajo women here refuse to go into the hospital or nearby clinics to give birth because they fear coerced or forced sterilizations once they're admitted. Instead of the hospitals, Navajo mothers

turn to medicine men and midwives.

It's a long way from River Indian Island to Shiprock. And the gulfs in the quality of life that Day and I have observed from reservation to reservation are immense and equally depressing.

FLORIDA The Seminole

"I told him to shove it," Judybill Osceola tells me. "I got to where I am on my own and I'm not about to give it up or stop working just for a goddamn husband." We're cruising along Osceola Boulevard through the tiny Hollywood, Florida, Seminole reservation.

Judybill is the tribal president's daughter. She's a seventh-generation descendant of Osceola, the Seminole warrior-king who led his people against the United States during the Second Seminole War (1835-37). Osceola was finally captured in 1837 after the U.S. Army tricked him with a white flag of truce and rounded up his followers.

Born in the swamps of the Big Cypress Reservation near Alligator Alley in the Everglades, Judybill grew up in a thatched, open-air shelter called a *chicce*. As a young child she watched her mother die of cancer. She was raised by her aunts, who worked all day, and often she was on the brink of starvation.

From there everything was uphill. Judybill stayed in school and worked hard to make something of herself. She graduated from high school, took jobs as bank teller, waitress, secretary, and eventually became a clerk for the Seminole Tribe of Florida, Inc., which her father helped organize back in the '50s. Finally she worked her way up to the position of arts and crafts director, and her personal success reflects the tribe's thrust to self-sufficiency through trade and tourism.

The Florida Seminole have been rigorously independent and until recently self-segregated to the extreme. At one time the Seminole withdrew to the middle of the Everglades to live untouched by the white man's civilization. Currently they reside on three reservations. The largest is Big Cypress. The smallest is the urban reservation near Miami.

The Seminole Tribe of Florida has signed over 32 million acres—almost the entire state of Florida—to the federal government for 50 cents an acre. It has accepted \$16 million, which must be shared with the much larger group of Seminole now living in Oklahoma—forced there by the United States government during the "Trail of Tears" march in the 1830s so that whites could

move in and take over the tribe's land.

The money settlement means a few hundred dollars for each Indian and a forfeit to all future suits based on Seminole title to the Sunshine State. Judybill's father, President Bill Osceola, influenced the tribe to vote for settlement, fearing that it might be the best offer.

"The mood of Congress might have changed and we could have been left without a dime," he says.

Though their religion and ritual green corn dance have been outlawed (many other rites are still illegal under Florida state law), Seminole traditionalists have never missed an annual dance. Judybill offers to take me to see the real corn dance and scratching ceremonies.

Since cameras are banned, Day opts out. Judybill and I drive three hours and park as night falls. Then we walk to the camp. Finally, after a few muddy miles of swamp, we come to several dozen *chicces* built in a large circle around two campfires. Beside one raging fire, three medicine men and their assistants are huddled over a pot of brew that smells of rosemary and garlic. The other fire is about six-feet high, and around it two lines of brilliantly dressed women and incredibly drunken men are furiously dancing behind a holy man. They chant and yell in rhythm. I am the only white person there.

After hours of dancing and bathing in

the medicine, the men strip down and submit to scratching. A priest, carrying a wooden block with dozens of metal needles extended like claws, singles out a dancer and rushes to him, slashing his arms, chest, back and legs in quick sweeps. The wounds are incredible. Some look as deep as a quarter-inch. There is blood everywhere. Dozens of dancers submit to the scratching—some are boys in their early teens. Hundreds of Seminole from more than a dozen clans watch as the ancient rite is carried out. Everyone appears to be in a trance.

I make the mistake of joining a group of young Indians. "What the fuck is this white guy doing here?" I look around for Judybill, but she's dancing far away.

I step away from the gang slowly, heading for the shadows as if to take a piss. When I'm out of sight I plunge into the bush. I've seen enough.

Day has already left for Washington, D.C., by the time I get back to the hotel. We are going north to take on the scariest group: the bureaucrats.

WASHINGTON, D.C. Land of the Pencilnecks

Washington is hot and humid. Day and I have been all over the country, to the major centers of Indian life in America. But the feeling is as inescap-

A Seminole medicine man and his sister. Inset: an open-air house (chicce) in the Everglades.



able as the Washington heat: Somehow everything we've seen—the poverty, the frustration, the sickness and even the few glimpses of progress—is merely a small part of some grand game plan that originates here.

There is underway a major reorganization of the economic base of the United States toward energy self-sufficiency through technology. The main side effect of this reorganization will break the back of the Indian Nation and its treaty rights movement. For the Indian Movement is not a civil rights movement like those of the blacks in the '60s or of women in the '70s. It is a tribal sovereignty movement. The Indian Nation wants the few scraps of cutback treaty homelands the U.S. promised them to be left intact and protected from the corporations and banking interests buying up land.

Instead, the Congress, the courts and the Bureau of Indian Affairs have become the very way for corporations to get the Indians. Entire speeches by Andrew Young discussing South Africa could be quoted, substituting *Indians* for *black Africans* and *America* for *South Africa*. Even South African Prime Minister B. John Vorster has told our black United Nations ambassador to shut up about white-ruled apartheid locking the blacks on their homelands—unless the United States wants South Africans to visit and encourage rebellion on America's Indian reservations.

The Great White Backlash

Chuck Trimble is a much more polished version of his brother, Al Trimble, the tribal leader at Pine Ridge. Chuck is a hip, fast-rising federal politician and executive director of the National Congress of American Indians (NCAI). We are in his Washington office, firing questions at him as he hurriedly crams files, ties and cigarettes into an already overstuffed briefcase.

He is one of the few Indians of national prominence who has enough experience in Washington and enough contact with tribal chairmen throughout the country to execute and coordinate effectively a long-overdue reform of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. He understands fully that Indians literally live or die depending on the mood of Congress. As he packs for an emergency national meeting of an NCAI committee in Bottle Hollow, Utah, I grill him on the abrupt change of moods in Congress. "Why are all the major pieces of pro-Indian legislation being defeated?"



Chuck Trimble (National Congress of American Indians) condemns "white backlash."

"It's these goddamn vigilantes and their 'white backlash' campaign," he says. "They're lobbying in Washington and in 13 state capitals to defeat Indian claims to land, sovereignty and jurisdiction on the reservations."

The Minutemen, Ku Klux Klan, Libertarians for Social Justice and Responsibility, and the National Congress of Equal Rights and Responsibilities (NCERR) have formed local chapters to block all forms of sympathetic Indian legislation. Efforts to hold back pro-Indian legislation have also been endorsed recently by the National Association of County Governments. New bills that would strengthen tribal governments' control of natural resources on their reservations and the jurisdiction of Indian governments are being soundly defeated. New laws of an expressly anti-Indian tone are being reintroduced in Congress.

One proposed law would abrogate the Indians' hunting and fishing rights on their reservations. Another would put Indians under the direct control of state governments, removing federal trust protection, thereby guaranteeing wholesale robbery of their natural resources.

Tribes are literally being broken up by corporations and getting beaten in attempts to reverse illegal contracts for sale of their natural resources. A congressional attack is building to step up the purge of the Indian Nation. Corporate lobbyists and NCERR sympathizers are advancing legislation to eliminate tribal determination of membership, remove tribal tax exemptions, limit tribal taxing power and cut back tribal governments' authority in general.

Even traditionally pro-Indian leaders, such as Congressman Lloyd Meeds (Democrat-Washington), have suddenly switched sides. Meeds, who wrote the dissent to a recently issued report of the Indian Policy Review Committee, chaired by Senator James Abourezk

(Democrat-South Dakota), is emerging as a spokesman for the white backlash. On many levels of the federal government—from the courts to Congress to the White House—the Indians are most decidedly losing.

President Jimmy Carter may be the only hope, if only because his stand on human rights overseas will eventually blackmail him into doing something about America's own subcolonial, conquered natives. He could move on the 200-page list of recommendations in a 1977 report by Senator Abourezk, which emphasizes sovereignty and land ownership. Carter could honorably settle the hundreds of illegal and broken Indian treaties, land titles and mineral-rights cases in the courts. He could investigate charges of torture, perjury, forgery, assassination and fire-bombings carried out by the Nixon Administration against the Indian Nation. And most important, he could call for a sweeping reorganization of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

The BIA, the organization established to manage the American natives' lives and purse strings, is the Indian's worst enemy, the primary instrument in the destruction of the Indian Nation.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs

The Main Department of Interior Building, which houses the BIA, is filled with bureaucrats doing their civil-service time in cheerless routine. Day and I
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Tom Oxendine went from the Pentagon to the BIA: "But that's not our Affair."



WHY WE'RE FREEZING

(continued from page 52)

methods or for the exploration of new deposits (which would ease American dependency on foreign sources of fuel), some oil companies have been investing in areas unrelated to energy. Mobil Oil purchased Montgomery Ward for nearly \$1 billion and offered over \$25 million for the Irvine real-estate interests in California. Atlantic Richfield (ARCO) spent \$1 billion to buy Anaconda Copper and also obtained an unprofitable British newspaper, the *London Observer*.

Meanwhile, five major natural-gas producers have not developed large reserves in the Gulf of Mexico because they claimed to be short of cash. The Federal Power Commission (FPC) investigated charges that the companies were withholding gas from the market in an effort to raise prices in the future. The FPC investigation focused on the engineering and economic feasibility of extracting large amounts of natural gas from the Gulf—gas that had been promised to interstate pipelines.

Although the investigators found it "unquestionably economic to produce," the companies—Texaco, Amoco, Mobil, Union, Continental Oil and a few other small producers—claimed that the failure to drill new wells was rooted in economic or technical problems. Amoco stated that it didn't have the approximately \$1 million necessary to drill a new well—but a company spokesman later told columnists Jack Cloherty and Bob Owens of the Los Angeles Times Syndicate that it was equipment and "technical problems" that prevented the drilling.

Another FPC report, dated June 1977, forecast that interstate natural-

Curtailments of 23 percent of the nation's gas requirements are forecast... a more severe cutback than last winter's.

gas pipelines would have much less gas to deliver this winter than last. Curtailments of approximately 1.66 trillion cubic feet (about 23 percent of the nation's requirements) were forecast for the period from November 1977 through March 1978—an even more severe cutback than last winter's.

The current demand for natural gas nationwide is about 100 billion cubic feet a day. This winter's most acute shortages were predicted for the United Gas Pipe Line Company (Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas), Transcontinental Gas Pipeline Corporation (Alabama, Delaware, Georgia, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Virginia) and Arkansas-Louisiana Gas Company (Arkansas, Kansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Texas). Curtailments on these systems could range from 43 to an incredible 50 percent. Theoretically the consumers can have half of their normal allotment cut back.

Besides these natural-gas curtailments, another problem has been brewing. In the past, many oil distributors received discounts if they purchased excess heating oil during the summer. These discounts made it economically feasible for the suppliers to pick up the storage costs. However, the oil pro-

ducers stopped giving discounts to distributors and now the result will be even higher prices and tighter supplies as the cold weather continues.

Every month the Federal Energy Administration releases an "Energy Saving Tip of the Day." The August 1977 edition included these three tips:

"You can save air-conditioning energy and cooling costs on very humid days by setting the fan speed at low. More moisture will be removed from the air than if the fan speed was set high.

"Get the most out of the air-conditioning energy you use. Make sure the vents from central air conditioners are not blocked with furniture and drapes.

"In hot weather it's especially important to turn off lights, TV sets and other appliances when they're not in use. If left on, they not only waste energy, they also generate heat, which can add to cooling costs."

In the office of Terence O'Rourke, associate deputy administrator of the FEA, all the lights were burning brightly. The air conditioner was on high while being blocked by furniture and drapes. The secretary said that the air conditioner and lights were always on, even when O'Rourke would be gone for a half-day. Outside it was humid. Inside it was freezing.

"Why are these air conditioners up so high?" I asked O'Rourke.

"There is a very bad internal circulation of dirt. We should get OSHA [Occupational Safety and Health Administration] to check the ventilation system. I have to make sure that I don't have a shorter lifespan in my brief time here," he went on to say.

And the lights?

"There are no incentives to turn lights down or to keep the office at the desired temperature. It's the circulation system: it's either too hot or too cold."

O'Rourke, our man in the government—one of the leaders of the campaign to conserve energy—can't find incentives to turn off lights. What about residents of the arid Southwest, where the temperature can reach 110 degrees at midday? What incentives do they have if a bureaucrat telling them to turn down their air conditioners is himself unwilling to sweat it out at 75 degrees?

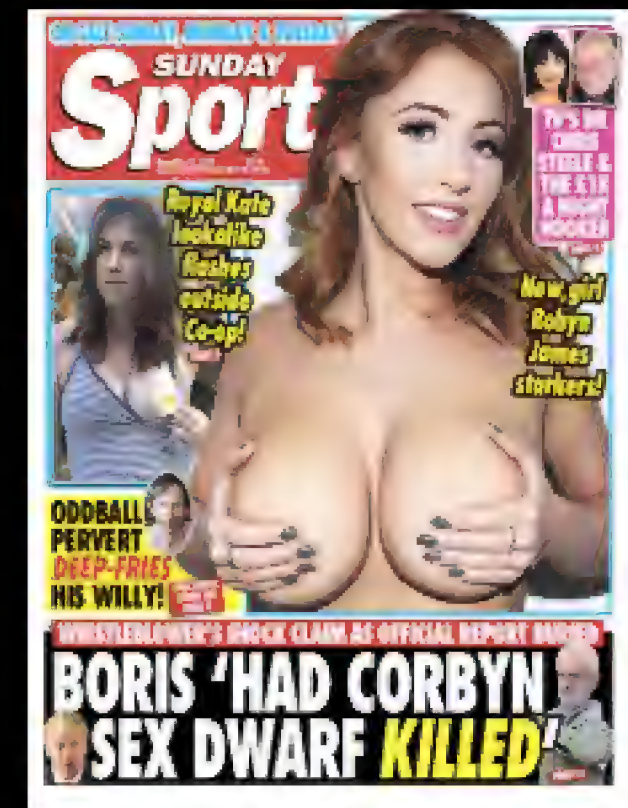
There are even more contradictions. O'Rourke said that federal buildings in Washington are not heated by coal because coal ash presents "big cleanup problems." Furthermore, the government isn't concerned with the expense of coal (shipping and storage costs, for example). Cost effectiveness is secondary. Yet one of the main goals of President Carter's energy policy is to force

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HUSTLER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

By Stephen Sayadian and Aaron Kass

*Perverted offerings,
in small packages and large, to
make giving and getting
a Yule treat.*

Seizure Time Products captures the essence of Bellevue in what is sure to be the sexiest turn-on since Isadora Duncan's flying scarves. The Designer Straitjacket is the latest fashion craze that has all Paris flipping out.

Whether it's cocktails in a charming chateau garden or a midnight flight to St. Tropez, you're fit to be tied dressed in this cowl collar, satin-back crepe evening wear. Add a freshly cut lobotomy scar and you'll transform yourself into a dazzling portrait from the brush of Van Gogh.

With most of this year's designs not what they're cracked up to be, the Designer Straitjacket is bound to become an institution in the field of fashion. On display for \$215, inside the Cuckoo's Nest, Oregon State Hospital.





Why call a fleet of U-Haul trucks to move your dirty bowels when you can use the heavy-duty Enema Vac from the Tidy Bowels Company?

Created for the person who's straining to avoid harsh laxatives, the Enema Vac is the modern appliance that's sweeping the country. Just plug it in, select your favorite speed, switch it on and this sanitary device will clean the walls of the most soiled intestines.

Available in tank and upright models that come equipped with prelubricated nozzles and five disposable bags. For sale at appliance dealers for \$22.99.



If you want a candy bar that will take your breath away, sink your teeth into a Slayday—the candy that immortalizes the dead. Buried beneath layers of chocolate is a cherry filling that bleeds out with every bite.

You'd have to have a hole in your head not to try the Presidential party pack that contains Kennedy and Lincoln bars. Or if you prefer bitter chocolate, tear into the family pack that features victims of the Manson-family murders. For those weight watchers on a crash diet there are low-cal, bite-size Jayne Mansfield heads.

Slaydays are perishable and can be found, for \$3.29 a pine box, at Forest Lawn Confectionery, Los Angeles.

If you're like most puritan mothers who hate a new-born baby gnawing at their nipples, but want to give their children the nutrition of mother's milk, you'll love the Mammary Milker.

Fasten on the suction cups, set it for pints, quarts or gallons and relax until your wells run dry. Milk can be bottled and refrigerated for later feedings. Or you may choose to starve the baby and turn a profit by selling the milk at wholesale prices to new mothers who have had a mastectomy.

Send \$45 to Earl Butz, in care of Little Brown Jugs, Inc., Washington, D.C.



The Crib Shocker is the new, electrifying toilet-training aid that is settling the market on fire and saving thousands of families skyrocketing laundry bills.

Equipped with live wires that connect to baby's diapers, the Shocker unleashes 15 volts of power every time the baby wets the bed. Soon the tiny tot should be conditioned by the shocks and will abstain from urinating. At first you might notice a loss of hair or burn marks on the child's body, but these should disappear after a few weeks. Distributed by Pavlov Intl., the Crib Shocker is available at your electric company for \$39.95. Look for the smiling faces of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg on the box.

WHY WE'RE FREEZING

(continued from page 92)

utilities and large industries to switch from oil and natural gas to coal, a changeover that would conserve the scarcer resources while promoting the nation's plentiful coal reserves.

There has been great hope that the increased use of coal would cut America's dependence on imported oil. The statistics on what a switch to coal would mean have already been released. (The government has always been good at finding statistics.) In 1976, coal supplied only 18 percent of our country's industrial energy. The FEA projects a boost in industrial coal use to about 23 percent by 1985 if Carter's new energy program is adopted.

Just as in O'Rourke's office, government has been long on rules and tips but short on action. For starters, the coal-conversion program, authorized by the 1974 Energy Supply and Environmental Coordination Act (ESECA), was supposed to order at least 74 utility power plants to convert to coal by the end of March 1977.

The program has already been bungled. The deadline passed and not one enforcement measure was taken for at least six months after the expiration date. Now, more than three years after the coal-conversion program began, "the country has yet to save a single drop of oil or a cubic foot of natural gas by way of an ESECA conversion order," stated an internal memorandum of the House Subcommittee on Energy and Power. With a large staff of government servants, the program was allocated \$12.6 million through 1978. Yet it has "accomplished little or nothing," according to the subcommittee itself.

With their vast holdings in coal, the oil companies will profit if America shifts to coal for its primary fuel.

More energy could have been produced by burning the money.

The delay in converting to coal likely means less natural gas this winter, the FEA has warned. The shortages could close schools and factories, and leave nearly a million homes without fuel.

But the conversion to coal is no cure-all. There is the disturbing prospect of an increase of cancer cases from a massive shift to coal. The Energy Research and Development Administration has documented links between coal gasification and a greater incidence of the dread disease. Even FEA chief John F. O'Leary pointed out, ironically, that we must keep the nuclear-power option open because of health and safety questions posed by coal use. O'Leary went further: "Coal can be more dangerous than nuclear power plants. You have to be damn careful."

But like most government operations, the coal-conversion plan is being approached backwards; the primary thrust is to convert to coal, while health and environmental concerns are secondary. The Food and Drug Administration has been using this philosophy for years and it results, for example, in the announcement that red dyes and cyclamates, long accepted as "safe," have been found to be carcinogenic.

Ultimately, if America shifts from oil to coal as its principal source of energy, oil companies will become even wealthier because of their vast holdings in coal. The *Washington Post* reported: "Six of the top ten holders of U.S. coal reserves are now oil companies—14 of the top 20." According to conservative estimates by Exxon, oil companies control almost half of the 174 billion tons of coal to be mined in the next generation.

At one time people shouted for the breakup of the New York Yankees, which seemed to monopolize all the talent in baseball. Now the cry is to break up the oil companies by ending their control of other fuels. Jimmy Carter, the candidate, liked the idea. But Jimmy Carter, the President, has backed away.

Critics claim that the oil companies are already too strong. Five of the top eight corporations on the *Fortune* 500 list are oil concerns. A switch to coal or solar energy—for which Exxon, Mobil and Gulf already own the hardware—would be the final act in setting up control of U.S. energy for years to come. But even if the oil companies were prevented from sinking their capital into the development of alternate fuels, their massive investments in other nonfuel areas would have a similar profound effect on the economy.

In 1855, Samuel Kier marketed petroleum as a medicine with marvelous curative effects. His cure-all sold for a scant 50 cents a half-pint and he had quite a few customers. Today oil is still looked upon as a remedy for the world's troubles. But oil has opened more wounds than it has healed. The government, caught in its own hypocrisy, is in a quandary over what to do. As most observers admit, conservation of fuel only buys time before the shortages and cold homes that families face each winter lead to a revolution greater than this country has ever seen.

There are a myriad of statistics on just how much fuel could be saved. If all homes had six inches of insulation: 600,000 barrels of oil a day. If clothing were washed in warm or cold water rather than hot: 100,000 barrels of oil a day. If all electric motors were 1 percent more efficient: 1 million barrels a day. If all autos averaged 20.8 miles per gallon: 500,000 barrels of gasoline a day. *If. If.*

When a person becomes accustomed to a car that is roomy and a home that is sufficiently heated in winter and cooled in summer, it is much more difficult for him to keep his sanity when all around him people are losing theirs. And he shouldn't be expected to, inasmuch as business and the government could find solutions to America's pressing energy problem, but aren't. ☹



"Hey, Mary Ann, let's go down by the lake and see who can pop their zits the farthest!"

BLUE

CHICKEN OF THE SEA







If you're fortunate enough to take a Pacific Ocean cruise someday, you should search fore and aft for a crewman named Blue. "The sea turns me on," remarks the 19-year-old lass whose name comes from the color of the ocean she loves so much. "And nothing beats the thrill of riding ocean crests in a boat while a strong man is riding me."





It shouldn't be surprising, then, that Blue's favorite fantasy involves "another chick and me kidnapping four or five men, taking them out to sea and blowing them away." Blue's hobbies include cooking and horseback riding, and her career goal is to work with animals.

The sea is just one of nature's many settings that are fitting for a woman who likes to let her natural urges take over. Those urges come out easiest for Blue during a whipped-cream party—or in smaller gatherings, such as when there are just "two men and little ol' me."

Any man who sets out to sea with Blue is likely to get his lap wet, since she admits, "I love to go down on men!" To get on board with Blue, a man should be "tall, short, blond—well, just a man. I love men, and I can't wait to meet more and check out their style of love-making. I'm a crazy lady. I love it!"

a movement, reinterpreted it, popularized it and made it accessible to millions. Our sex lives and his pocketbook have not been the same since. He did the trick by adding the good to the bad, or rather bringing them closer together. *Wink*, *Flirt* and *Titter* had been all "bad," the hottest sex of the day, undiluted and unapologetic. Then *Playboy* came along and gave you sleek, sexy women, plus a point of view, editorials, exposes, presidential interviews. Good and bad, clean and dirty were brought together under the same roof.

It was a way of making porn respectable and, sure enough, the respectable closet-freaks came out in droves. The high and the mighty, the rich and the powerful, joined the common porn addicts in a new celebration of raunch. Seasoned porn freaks rejoiced! *Playboy* would lead us into that day we'd all hoped for, the day when we could wallow guiltlessly in the evil within us. But, alas, the rich and the powerful, who made Hefner their pet, were not interested in sexual revolution. They were wolves in sheep's clothing. They were reactionaries posing as sexual libertarians. So almost from the moment of its conception, *Playboy* became the reactionary wing of the sexual movement.

Hugh Hefner may have been on time, perhaps a wee bit ahead of his time, but he was soon behind the times. To his followers, Hefner's *Playboy* was like the stag party, the weekend at the convention. The models were gorgeous, but cold, expensive, unattainable. There were no Betty Pages here, no Blaze

Playboy became
the reactionary
wing of the sexual
movement. Hefner
was soon behind
the times.

Starrs, no Lily Christines. *Playboy* scratched the surface of porn, but left the deeper regions of raunch untouched.

For that, we had to wait for Al Goldstein. The first time I saw *Screw* was in 1968. From the beginning it was obvious that this was the new left wing. Goldstein's magazine seemed to be a deliberate reaction to the *Playboy* camp. His magazine was filled with liberal amounts of cum shots and freaky, kinky articles—"Dirty Diversions," "Smut from the Past," "My Scene" and my favorite, "Shit List."

Goldstein brought porn back to where Harrison and Klaw had it in the '40s and '50s, if you understand what I mean. Goldstein was at the extreme end of the spectrum. But unlike Klaw and Harrison, Goldstein had an editorial policy. This policy was sexually based, but it was not just a celebration of sex. Goldstein was saying that the bad, the evil, the kinky, the dirty had validity in and of themselves. He managed to formulate the new idea, the new sexual ethic, but the word wasn't getting to the people. His New York City-based following was too small, and he was too uncompromising in his editorial stance.

It took *HUSTLER* to bring the new

word to the people. Flynt is to Goldstein what Hefner was to Klaw and Harrison. *HUSTLER* is spreading the new Ethic. In that respect, *HUSTLER* owes a lot to Al Goldstein. Its format, indeed the format of most of the new breed of porno magazines, shows Goldstein's influence. *HUSTLER* is not yet as kinky as Goldstein's *Screw*, but it's nowhere near as conservative as *Playboy*.

With *HUSTLER*, the good has come much closer to the bad. Though not completely. In *HUSTLER* you may find pictures of pussy so beautiful it'll make your mouth water, and since the pink competition began, you might even see a few kidneys and spleens. But so far, any pictures of actual fucking and sucking are few and far between. Certainly one does not see the abandoned cum shots one finds in *Screw*. And like all established porno publications, *HUSTLER* has paid little attention to men or to male homosexuality. In this respect, the word "established" is important. I think it is because Goldstein is not really established that *Screw* has remained as pure as it is. But then Goldstein doesn't have Flynt's or Hefner's money either. It seems the purity of the idea is inversely proportionate to the amount of money you're making. At any rate, *HUSTLER* now.... Todd?..... Todd?.... Hello? Operator?

TODD: ZZZZZZZZZZ...?? Huh?
GARRETT: Todd? Hello!

TODD: Yeah. Garrett?
GARRETT: So what do you think of that for the introduction?

TODD: Great. Great. I think you can write that down and send it in. By the way, in your research what conclusion have you come to?

GARRETT: I discovered that man wants polymorphous perversity.

TODD: Huh?

GARRETT: Man wants to beat his meat in peace.

TODD: That's your amazing discovery? That's it?

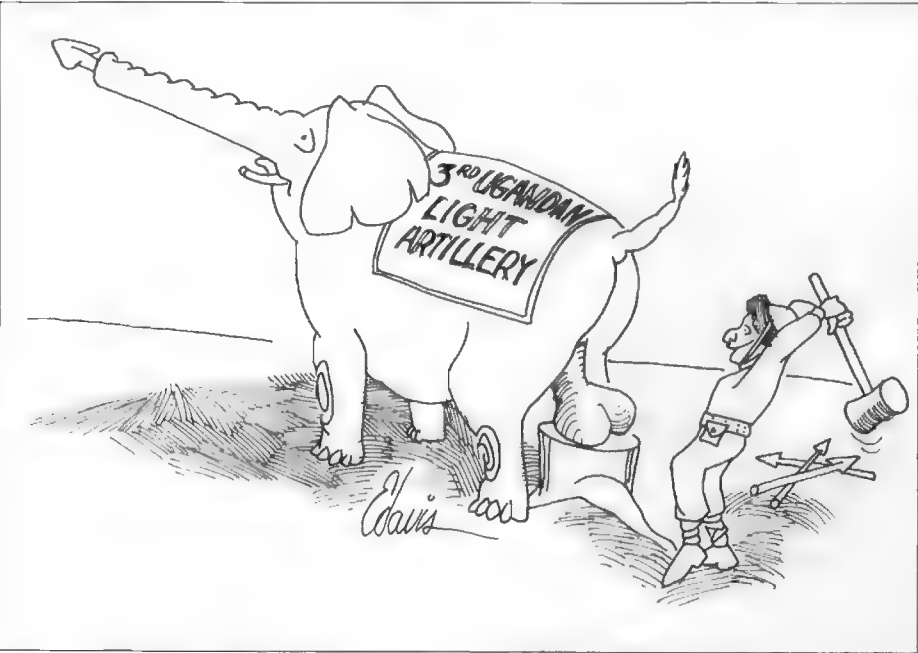
GARRETT: Well, it was Norman O. Brown's discovery really. Remember Norman O. Brown? He wrote a book. I think it was called *Life Against Death*. A big thing a few years back. In it he said that what all men wanted was polymorphous perversity. That means man wants to be able to play with himself, to pursue, find and enjoy the evil, the perverse within himself and others.

TODD: If you don't mind my saying so, Garrett, that's not too much to discover after all your research.

GARRETT: I know, but Norman O. Brown sure made a lot of money from it.

TODD: Good-night, Garrett.

GARRETT: Good-night, Todd. 🌙





"Look, J.C., you didn't like the Easter thing at first either, and look how well that has turned out. . . . Now trust me on this. . . . It'll work."



SLIDER

FICTION by BRUCE MARGOLIUS

B.C. is a great descender of hills. To him, each slope is an individual, special challenge that, with the help of gravity, he will make into a personal triumph. He skis, of course, and bobsleds and toboggans; and when the snow melts, he rides



swollen rivers in a rubber raft. Ferris wheels fascinate him, as do parachutes and sailplanes, and at 27 he finds himself still sliding banisters and bounding down steps two and three at a time.

But after a year of Alta, Aspen and Vail, the Snake, the Salmon and the Blackfoot, Telegraph Hill and Sunshine Canyon, he decides to go back east, to a city he had left behind—a city, like Rome, built on seven hills. From Boulder, then, B. C. heads north to Cheyenne and Interstate 80 east. Leaving Nebraska in the dark, he pushes his four-wheel-drive Toyota hard into the heartland. He drives through the post-Christmas depression of states whose names begin with vowels, stopping only for gas, greasy burgers and fries, and an embarrassingly putrid bowel movement at a truck stop outside South Bend.

Parts of Providence, Rhode Island, are at sea level. Boulder's elevation is about 6,000 feet. The journey is a gradual descent, one great swoop which gains so much momentum from the dreary midwestern highways that the tollgates and rest areas can slow it only a little. After leaving the interstate, B. C. stops in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, for a six-pack of Ballantine ale and a closer look at the New England winter.

The alcohol enters B. C.'s system and immediately gets frisky with the speed that's been cruising through his bloodstream for the past 36 hours. He hasn't changed his underwear in a couple of days, the Land Cruiser's shocks are stiff, and B. C. thinks of Jill. He soon has a massive hard-on.

Jill, he reminds himself, was great on long drives. Somehow she'd manage to give him a blow job without inciting even a minor disaster. Even when he was in four-wheel drive, bounding across an open field or up a rocky road, she could give terrific head and never once get tangled in the steering wheel or bite down on his cock.

B. C. gently massages himself, imagining Jill's thick, brown hair in his lap and that magical mouth of hers nibbling away at him. She'd undo his belt and the top of his pants, pulling his shirt out so that she could get to his belly button. First she'd lick and suck it, driving him to the edge of giggling hysteria. Then she'd lower her sights, pulling at the waistband of his undershorts with her teeth and finally springing his rock-hard cock loose and starting in on it with her eager tongue.

She'd lubricate the shaft with her saliva and then slide her lips up and down it, sucking all the while and sometimes doing something with the back of her throat to tickle the very tip of his prick when it was plunged all the way into her mouth.

*The first thing
B. C. focuses on is
the shiny, uneven
muzzle of a
sawed-off shotgun
pointed at him.*

She had a way of knowing when he was about to come, and she'd slide all the way down on his prick to take the first drops of spunk in the back of her throat. Then, as he pumped into her, she'd pull back to where her lips circled only the tip of his cock, taking in a mouthful of cum.

Through his jeans, B. C. rubs himself furiously as he thinks about how Jill would lick and swallow every drop of cum off his shrinking dick, folding it back into his pants and zipping them up. Then she'd stick her tongue in his ear and whisper, "Change your oil?"

B. C. shoots into his jeans and regrets that Jill isn't there to lick up after him. He stuffs a handful of Kleenex into his shorts and opens another Ballantine. Jill, he imagines, is not likely to reach for his fly first thing, but he fantasizes a brief spat that will be followed by a long, loving reconciliation. It has been more than a year, but B. C. thinks that the separation may have been the cure for the problems that beset their hasty marriage. Jill's letters—though not frequent—were affectionate, and B. C. makes much of the fact that she has kept a figurative candle burning for him.

Another six-pack in Worcester, Black Horse ale this time, and then he's on Highway 146, passing Uxbridge and Woonsocket, rolling finally into afternoon and Providence. B. C., having grown sentimental in the course of a day and a half of monotony, is glad to be home. Feeling his ales, he drives twice around the Rhode Island Statehouse, saluting the Independent Man atop the dome. Breaking out of orbit, he cruises past the Senate Cafe and the Crystal Tap, heading uphill and home.

When B. C. gets to Pratt Street, the house isn't there anymore. He looks around, makes sure he's in the right place, looks again and then sits carefully on the snowy concrete steps that once led to the front door. He lights a cigarette, smokes it slowly and tries one more quick peek, not trusting senses dulled by 2,000 miles of driving. The house isn't there. He puts the cigarette out in the snow, walks unevenly to where the southeast corner of the house should have been and pisses into the bushes. Steam rises as he relieves him-

self out in the cold. He returns to the Toyota, pondering his next move. An orange and black Dodge pickup passes, heading north on Pratt. A flash of recognition, a quick turn of the key, and B. C. is in pursuit.

Following Willy home doesn't take long. It is only a short distance up Pratt to Jenckes, and then a long uphill block to Prospect. White Willy and Black Willy, a pair of burglars, live on the second floor of a large three-story house between an abortionist on the third floor and a pimp on the first. It is, they boast, a convenient arrangement. White Willy backs the pickup, its bed covered by a tarpaulin, up the driveway to the garage. Unaware of B. C., he opens the garage doors and backs the truck all the way in. B. C. parks on the street and walks up the driveway, lighting a cigarette and trying to compose a greeting for his old friend.

When B. C. reaches the garage, the doors are closed. It takes him a moment to fumble with the latch and another for his eyes to adjust. As soon as he can see, the first thing he focuses on is the shiny, uneven muzzle of a sawed-off shotgun pointed at him from behind the open door of the pickup.

The smile fades from B. C.'s face. He manages to tear his eyes away from the gun long enough to locate Willy somewhere behind it, his eyes burning behind pink-tinted glasses and wild strands of hair. Almost immediately, though, he finds his attention drawn back to the steadily growing mouth of the weapon. When another moment passes and he is still alive, B. C. finds his voice. "Man, take off those shades and put that thing down."

"B. C.?"

"Willy, my man, take it easy."

"Goddamn, it is B. C.!" He gently eases the hammer down from the cocked position and tosses the gun on the seat of the truck. "Shit, man, you picked a hell of a time to come back. I almost wasted you, B. C."

Willy stands uncomfortably, four or five feet away. He moves no closer, makes no gesture of greeting. B. C. can't tell if this is embarrassment at the near miss or an unexpected coolness. It has been over a year, but he and Willy were once very close. A trickle of blood, B. C. notices, is running onto Willy's right hand from somewhere up the sleeve of his battered, black leather jacket.

"What's happening, Willy?"

"Not much. How long have you been back in town?"

"I just got in. You passed me on Pratt. I couldn't seem to find—" He trails off with a vague gesture.

"Yeah. How about that?"

(continued on page 116)



J. Kohl

"Wow! Must've been one bitch of a New Year's party!"



Photographed by Suze Randall



Allyson

TAKING IT HARD

As a model from Long Beach, California, Allyson Russell spends much of her free time politely but firmly refusing advances from men. If it shakes a guy up, Allyson is glad she did it, since she doesn't want to date men who ask her out—she wants to be taken out. "I'm a masochist," Allyson claims.

Allyson tends to draw her lovers from among the aggressive, blue-collar guys she meets on the dance floor. "Physical attractiveness isn't the most important thing," the 18-year-old tells us. "I like my man to be forceful and confident, the no-nonsense type who takes me in hand and makes me do things his way. I even shave my pubic hair because my boyfriend likes it that way. If that's what he wants, it's good enough for me."

Like many girls who hope to become film stars, Allyson loves the atmosphere of Hollywood during the glamour era of the '30s and '40s. She likes to dress in ultrafeminine, frilly clothes because "too many women dress and act like men. Besides, I think it turns a man on to try to make a 'lady.'" As ladies go, we think Allyson is made just fine.





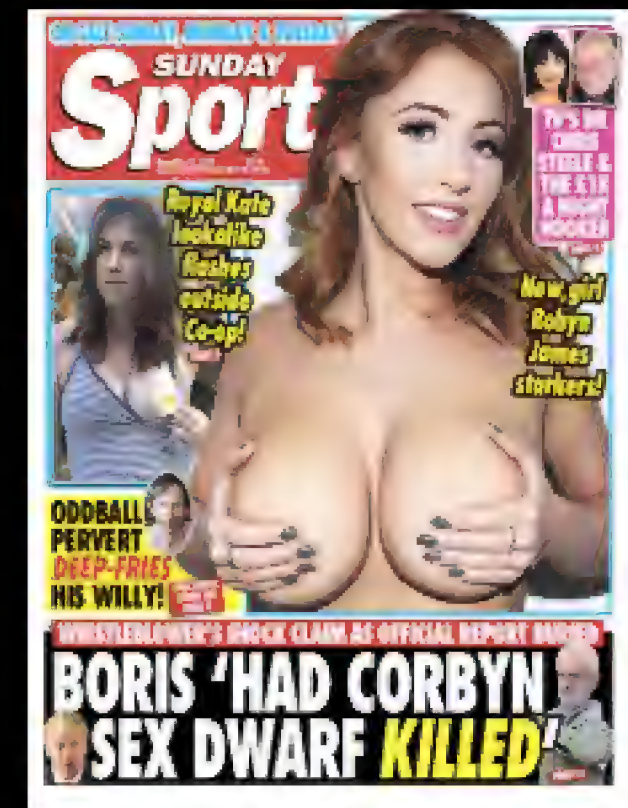






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(continued from page 106)

"It's good to see you." B. C. steps forward but doesn't want to shake the hand that is now dripping blood onto the floor, so he slaps Willy on the left shoulder. Willy starts to raise his hand and notices the blood.

"Willy, what is happening around here?"

"Whataya mean?"

"My house, the gun, your arm, man. I just got back from out west, Willy."

"Yeah, well, see, I got cut the other day and the stitches musta opened up when I pulled the gun out from behind the seat." Willy takes a rag and wipes his hand and wrist. He wraps the rag around his sodden bandage, brushes his hand on his pants and nervously passes it across his forehead, leaving a streak of drying blood.

"I've been a little jumpy lately. Sorry about the gun." Another moment passes. B. C. doesn't know what questions will elicit the answers he's beginning to need very much. Willy isn't shedding much light on things and B. C. must put a finish to his journey, must assure himself that he is home, must find something familiar to absorb the momentum of all those descending miles before it carries him out onto the Cape and into the sea. "Let's go in."

Willy ushers him out of the garage, making sure that the windows are shaded and the door securely locked behind them. They enter the back door of the house and climb the stairs. Willy's key lets them into a bright orange kitchen, where Indian corn, squashes, a string of garlic, and signs advertising long-obsolete remedies and household aids decorate the walls and window sills.

She lay on the floor, her blouse torn open, with her nipples bigger than she'd ever seen them before.

In two corners, globe lights hang on chains from the ceiling. A neon "Jacquin's Cordials" bar sign glows purple over an old refrigerator, which Willy opens, removing a quart of Narragansett beer. He places the bottle on the table and takes two glasses from the rack next to the sink.

"Pour, B. C. I'll be right back." He goes into the bathroom, while B. C. sits, pours, drinks and pours again before Willy returns. The blood has stopped. The rag has now been replaced with clean white gauze.

"Willy, tell me."

"Not much of it's good. Whataya want first?"

"Jill."

"She got busted, man. In July. Her and a guy named Lenny who was livin' there. She claimed he was just a lodger and she got off."

"Was he?"

"Naw. B. C., she waited till after skiin' season. She thought you might come home then. This dude didn't move in till June. He's in the joint, man, five-year fall."

"Jill?"

"It was a few days before she could make bail. The cops busted the doors and messed things up a little, and by the time she got out, everythin' worth takin'

was gone. The place was wide open."

"Who, Willy?"

"Not me, man. I was in Vermont. Kids, street freaks, anybody who came by. I've seen some of the stuff around. Managed to retrieve some of it, gave it to Jill."

"Jill?"

"Yeah, so when she got out of jail, the place was empty. I mean empty, man. So she broke a few windows and started a little fire. It got put out before much damage was done, but Gray had the place torn down."

"Gray did?"

"Man, he's got a chance to put up some kind of high-rise there. That house was in the middle of the site. Gray made himself half a million bucks when she torched that place."

"Gray—?"

"He didn't press charges or anythin'. The investigators just said it musta been bad wirin'."

"I paid that son of a bitch three years' rent in advance."

"B. C., nobody thought you were ever comin' back. Jill didn't. Gray didn't. You've been dead for a year."

"Bullshit. I don't know about Jill, but that fucker Gray could have at least let me stay alive until my lease ran out!"

"Where's Jill?" B. C. asks finally.

"Still in town. She was workin' for welfare last time I saw her. I don't know where she lives."

"A social worker. That's real hilarious, Willy."

Neither laughs. They drink more beer, light cigarettes and smoke in silence. B. C. is drunk and tired, and Willy hopes he'll pass out before he asks too many more questions. That thought makes him feel somewhat guilty, but it's not a day for answering questions, he assures himself.

"Willy, I've got to crash."

"Sure. Take Will's room. He's out of town. I'm goin' over to the hospital and get my arm zipped up again."

"OK, I'll drive you. Let me go take a piss first."

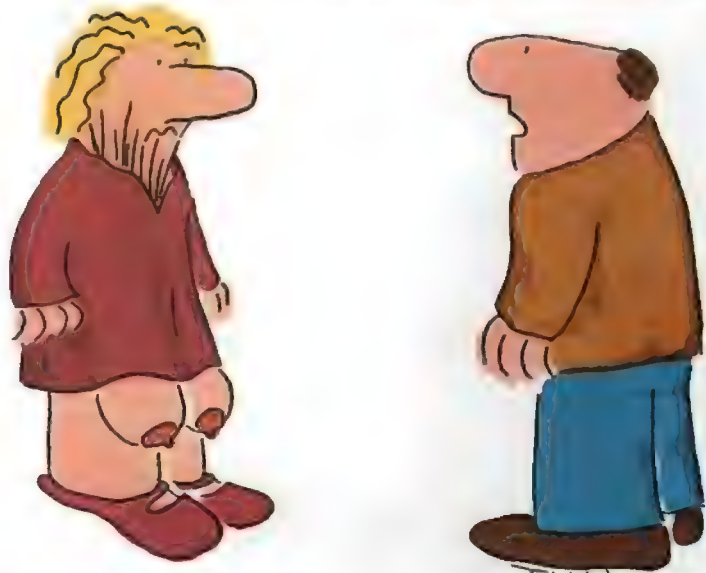
"Don't worry about it. I'll call a cab. You catch some Z's."

B. C. wanders off to the bathroom. There is a phone on the kitchen table and Willy uses it to order a cab. His arm has begun to throb again as he looks for his jacket. Realizing that it must still be in the garage, he takes a blue down-filled parka from the hall closet. As he puts it on and starts down the stairs, he meets B. C. coming up with a shaving kit and fresh underwear.

"Nice coat."

Willy remembers where the coat came from. "It was in a trunk I got outa storage for her this summer. Nobody

(continued on page 122)



"Let's face it, Hon... the 'no-bra' look isn't for everyone."

BEAVER HUNT



Everyone has a pet theory about the best way to spend the holidays, but spending a lot of money during the Yule season is nobody's idea of a good time. When it comes to pleasing your little lady this Christmas, you can give the gift that keeps on giving and *make* money too. And it will probably lead to laying something under the tree that will make you feel great. We're talking about entering your favorite female friend in *Beaver Hunt*, where she'll get the fame she richly deserves. And by doing so, you'll get an extra piece of Christmas pie.

Send us a sharply focused HUSTLER-style photo—no black and whites please—of your favorite model in the nude, along with a short personality profile. Coax her to be as candid as possible, and be sure to fill out the

model release form on page 122. Send your entry to *Beaver Hunt*, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. Sorry, but all photos submitted become the non-returnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

If we publish your girl's photo, you'll receive a \$50 contributor's fee. And everyone who sends us photos will receive the coveted HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's License. If she's chosen as best Amateur Beaver by a panel of HUSTLER staffers, your lady may be offered a chance to appear in one of HUSTLER's pictorial spreads. If we decide to feature her, she'll receive \$1000-\$1500 as a paid professional model. Why not go ahead and start the ball rolling? Remember, your girl will be ready to thank you with something a bit tastier than that holiday roast turkey.



Photo by Eugene Neal, Jr.

To open this month's *Beaver Hunt*, we spotlight sizzlin' Bianca from New Orleans. This 19-year-old aspires to be a professional dancer. Bianca's idea for her New York debut: making love on...

Warren, Ohio's Cookie O'Connor, 24, enjoys photography, letter writing and country music. This "Voodoo Priestess" (as she labels herself) has a thing about mobsters and fantasizes having sex with Godfather types like Al Pacino and James Caan.



Photo by Alfred O'Connor

Atlanta housewife Debra Walton enjoys softball and having her cunt eaten while she watches hardcore movies. This sexually versatile 20-year-old would like to get it on with three men at once ("One up my ass, one in my cunt and one in my mouth") and then have all three come simultaneously.

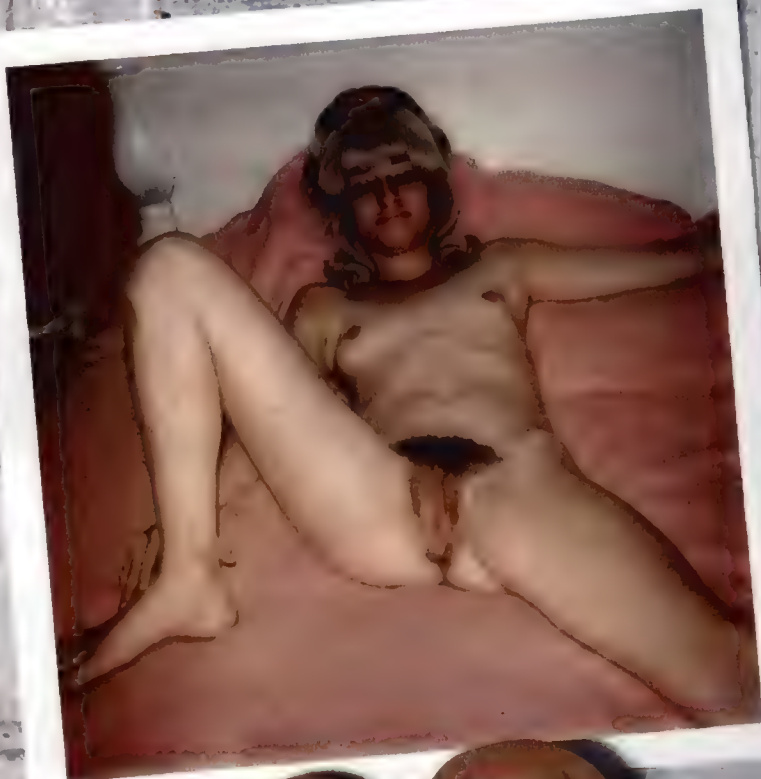
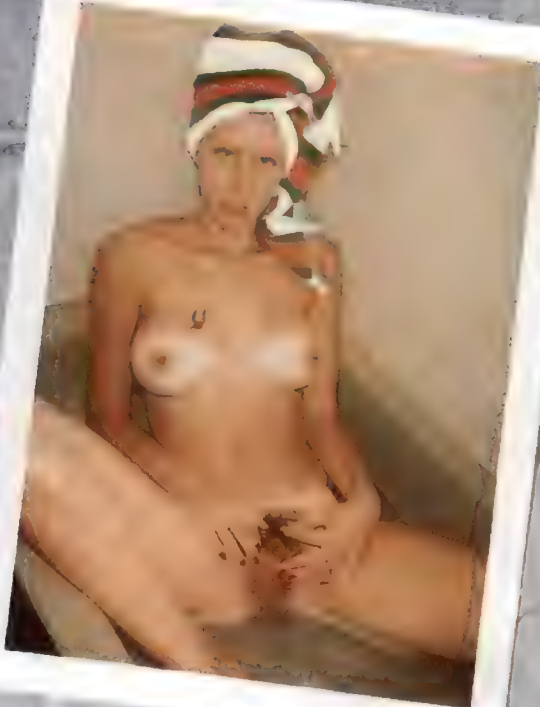


Photo by Philip Munsell



Tammy Munsell, 19, of Mt. Clemens, Michigan, enjoys ceramic painting, nudism and foreplay. A devoted housewife, Tammy says, "The only fantasies I have are about my husband. The two of us make most of them come true." Next on their list: "horseback riding through a field, naked."

Photo by Ray Walton

Photo by Tim Bob Hall



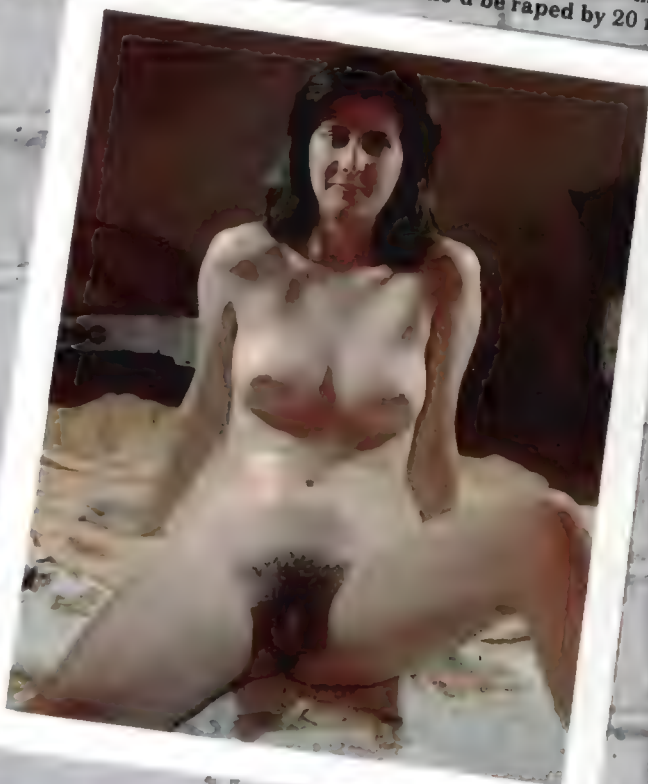
Paula Hall is a Cleburne, Texas, housewife who enjoys sunbathing, dancing and photography. This 20-year-old's favorite fantasy: "letting my old man have two chicks at once."

Photo by G. A. Bielik



Joanne Bielik, 33, of Ormond Beach, Florida, is described by her husband as "five feet, three inches of pure pleasure waiting to be loved." Joanne enjoys home movies.

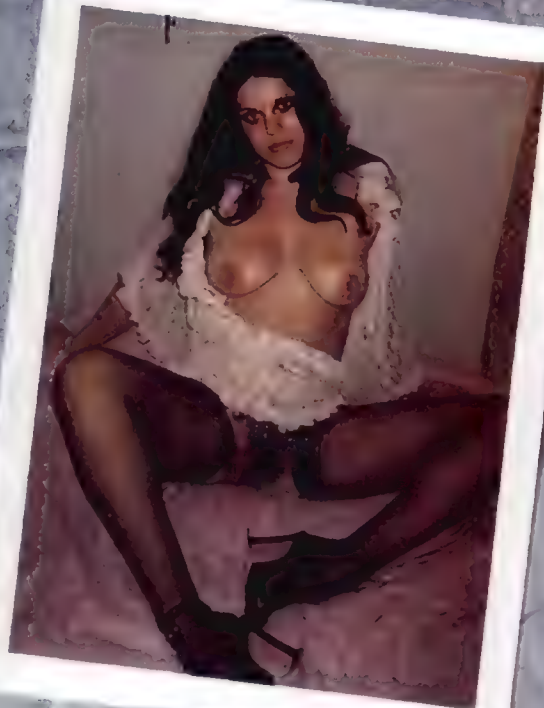
Photo by Dave (Róach) Williams



Twenty-year-old Teresa Maloney is a Clearfield, Pennsylvania, secretary who is also interested in acting, singing and dancing. Teresa would like to use her talents in a blue movie in which she'd be raped by 20 men.

Nineteen-year-old Kim Jackson lives in chilly Philadelphia, where she's spending the winter doing gymnastics and working in the clothing trade. Her fantasy is "to pose nude on a Harley-Davidson," which she says will come true soon—when spring rolls around.

Photo by Wes H.



A Chicago cashier who enjoys writing and horseback riding, Jessica Gramer is a "Great White Huntress" at heart. This adventurous 25-year-old has a unique fantasy: "I go on an African safari with two or three white men. I blow them and all the good-looking tribesmen I meet."

Photo by Jim Morris

Photo by Sam Wright

"I would give anything just to have a climax!" laments 24-year-old Michael Manley, a business major at Indiana University in Gary. "I have never had one. How does it feel?" Michael hopes that one day she'll meet the person who'll be able to get her off.



Photo by Thomas Lovenberg



Topless dancer Debbie Hess likes to spend her free time tending plants and playing backgammon. This 22-year-old resident of Coral Springs, Florida, dreams of "making it with two guys on the beach while the sun comes up." We can't think of a better way to get your vitamin C in the morning.

Photo by Dennis Belk



Debbie Belk can sometimes be found skinny-dipping near her home in Estacada, Oregon. This 20-year-old imagines making it with her guy and "one of those HUSTLER honeys."

"I am somewhat of an exhibitionist," claims Linda, a housewife who lives in a small town near Dallas. This uninhibited 30-year-old enjoys nudism and body painting. She would like to star in an X-rated movie.

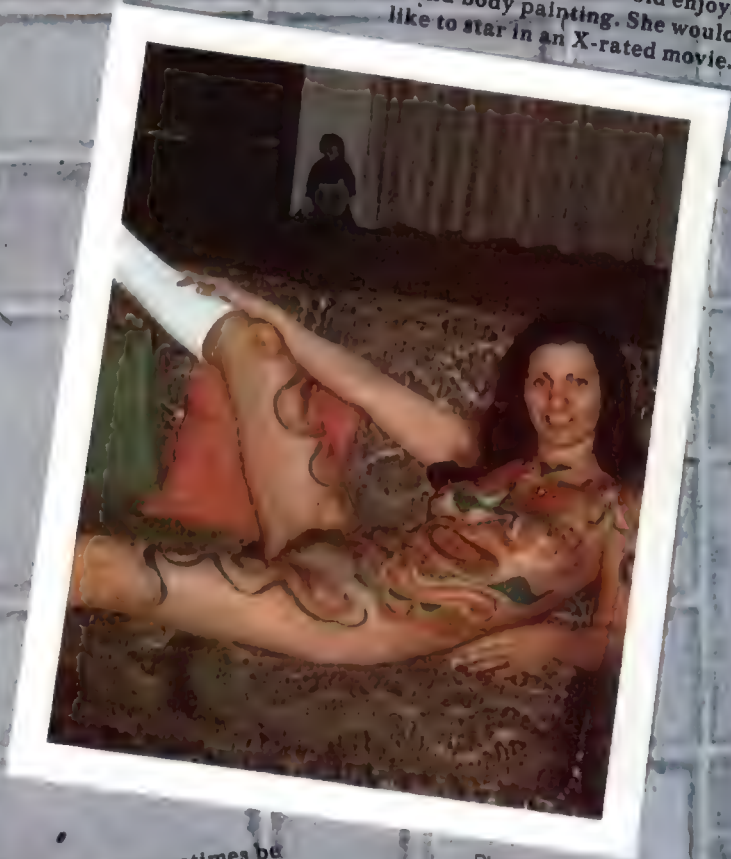


Photo by Sammy

(continued from page 116)

thought you were comin' back, man."

"Goddamnit, Willy, she must have stashed that away years ago. I spent two days looking for it before I split. In storage?"

"Yeah, at the Allied place. She had enough stuff down there for another whole apartment. Pots and pans, clothes, records, all sorts of stuff."

B. C. isn't sure how much of this he should believe or how amusing he should find it. But he's too tired to be angry. He continues up the stairs.

"Later, Willy."

"Take care, B.C."

The cabdriver honks his horn, cutting short another apology. Willy, who is about six inches shorter than B. C., zips the coat, covering himself from knees to nose, rambles down the stairs, slams the door and is driven away.

Jill has had a long, hard day. Sitting in the Roger Williams Room now, before her five o'clock checkout, she sips her Scotch-on-the-rocks and looks back on it as a day well spent. In addition to the \$30 or so she'll be paid by the state of Rhode Island, she'll receive a \$50 kickback on three rooms of furniture that the state is buying one of her clients. Ordering another drink, Jill glances at the clock and decides this will be the last Scotch until she has finished at the office.

Out of the corner of her eye she sees a sailor taking the seat next to her. She hears him order a beer and, without looking, knows that he is sizing her up.

"You come here often?" he asks.

She turns and looks at him. He is young, no more than 20, and the diagonal stripes on his arm show that he is an apprentice seaman just out of training. She makes the briefest eye contact and turns back to her drink. As she sips, the sailor twitches uncomfortably in his chair. He is so painfully unsure of what to do next that Jill, afraid of losing him completely, turns, smiles and says, "All the time."

"You, uh, work around here?"

She guesses that he is going off liberty and has little money. He wants to be sure she isn't a pro he can't afford.

"Across the street." Adequate, but not expensive. Make him work.

"In that new building?" Very observant, sailor. Two points.

"What do you do there?"

"I'm a social worker." She glances at the clock again. She could go back to the office any time now, and this doesn't look as if it's going to be very amusing. She finishes her drink and slips her arms back into the sleeves of her coat. The sailor, seeing his chances about to slip their mooring, tries more earnestly.

"Listen, why don't you stay? I'd like to buy you a drink."

Jill is pleased enough with this reaction to hesitate a second, but before she can say anything, Willy walks in.

"Jill."

"Hello, Willy."

"I've got to talk to you. B. C. is back."

"Oh, no. Listen, we can't talk here. Let's go across the street. Sorry, sailor. Keep on trying."

The apprentice seaman angrily looks Willy up and down, but he orders another beer and sits quietly, daydreaming. Willy grins, considering himself the boy's savior. With Jill, he crosses the

street silently. He tags along as she finishes her paperwork in the office and checks out. Finally, on the way to her car, she asks, "Has he been to Pratt Street yet?"

"First place he stopped. He's asleep at my place. You wanta go see him?"

"No. Not now. Do you want me to take you anywhere?"

"Yeah. Drop me at the Tap. Where you goin'?"

"I have to see someone. I'll get in touch with you."

She lets him out a block from the Crystal Tap and drives up the hill on Waterman Street. She drives a few more blocks. Paul Gray's maroon Jaguar is in its usual place in the No Parking Zone in front of his house. She parks her car behind his and unlocks the front door. Her platinum key ring was a present from Gray.

B. C. is rudely awakened by the ringing of Willy's telephone. He fumbles with the receiver and finally manages to grunt into the mouthpiece.

"Is that you, Willy?"

B. C. tries what he hopes will sound like a negative grunt.

"When Willy comes in, tell him Mort called. Have him call me."

"Wha . . . ?"

"Hey, who is this?"

"It's B. C.—Mort?"

"Yeah. How ya doin'? Where the hell ya been?"

"OK. I just got back from Colorado. What was that message again?"

"Tell Willy I found out who it was that stole the paintings from him."

"So who?"

A pause, longer even than the ones Mort customarily uses to build suspense. Then, "Paul Gray."

B. C. is more awake now. He sits up in the bed and swings his feet over the side. He rubs his face and scalp in an attempt to get some fresh blood circulating in the brain beneath.

"Did you hear that, B. C.?"

"Yeah, I'll tell him. I guess we'll both want to talk to Mr. Gray now."

"Oh. You heard about Jill, I guess."

"Yeah, the house. Do you know where she is?"

"Wait a minute. You don't know?"

"I know that she got busted and that Gray had the house torn down."

There is another long pause. B. C. imagines Mort standing at the pay phone in his bar, scratching his nose and shuffling his feet. Uncomfortably, Mort switches the receiver from one ear to the other. He decides that he's said too much to quit now. Besides, Mort can never resist being the bearer of bad news. And this is bad news.

(continued on page 129)

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNTER MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 117). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunters contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Model's Name _____

Address _____

Age _____ Phone _____

Photographer _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary.

Send prize to: ☐ Model ☐ Other

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____

KINKY KORNER

By Don Lockwood

Until this year, when I turned 18, the city pool was where you went with the guys to sneak a beer when the lifeguard wasn't looking, to hang out and talk about girlfriends and to hassle kids from the other high schools.

But that was before I met my current steady, Lisa, a hot-blooded 18-year-old who taught me to use the pool in a hell of a different way. Lisa and I have been going together since we met near the end of the school year this past summer. I was turned on by the way her ass moved down the hall in those tight jeans that settled on her hips and let everybody know immediately what was inside.

She had little tits, which a lot of the guys said was a real turn-off. But I noticed that even though they were small, they stuck straight out into space just like tits are supposed to; they didn't hang down to her knees like a lot of big-titted babes' do. I also got hot over her bright-red hair—long and straight and parted in the middle. I figured the kid had a style all her own, so fuck what other people thought of her.

Before I met Lisa, my sex life was no different than it seemed to be for everyone else my age. Like my friends, I didn't have an awfully good time fucking.

But on our first date Lisa was all over me the second we were alone—almost immediately she was giving me a terrific blow job. I couldn't have stopped her if I wanted to, and it felt so good I sure as shit wasn't about to tell her to quit.

The thing that is so different about sex with Lisa is that there isn't anything she does that I don't like. When she slides her mouth over my prick, I think that's the greatest. I don't even have to pump, since she just sucks it right out of me. Sometimes when we're parked late at night outside her folk's home, she'll lean over past the steering wheel and her head will disappear into my lap. The

Do you have an unusual story you'd like to share concerning one of your own sexual encounters? If so, write it down and send it to HUSTLER's Kinky Korner, the section of the magazine that is written by the readers, for the readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 for each such story we publish. Your submission should be approximately nine typed (double-spaced) or printed pages in length and accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.



DEEP SEX

next time I see her face—which is just a couple of minutes later—she has my cum glistening in the corners of her mouth, and her tongue darts out and sucks in the last drop. This makes me think I want her mouth most.

Still, I can't forget her hands and fingers, which give a royal hand job—soft and fine. Her fingers just draw the cum out of me as her nails dart here and there. She can pull more from a tickle in the right spot than any amount of my own pud-pulling would ever produce.

Of course, her pussy is tight and wet and just everything you'd imagine good

pussy would be. She's got one of those educated cunts, the kind I had never found between the legs of any other high-school chick.

I never asked her about her past, not really wanting to find out. I would merely let that thought pass, concentrating instead on trying to hold out just a few seconds more until we could both come together, with me spurting away in that auburn-rimmed box of hers and Lisa squealing and pulling my head to hers like a magnet draws iron.

In short, this girl can fuck. And even though we've been going together for almost six months, things haven't quieted down between us at all. That's because she brings so much to sex. Every situation is potentially loaded and full of excitement and erotic promise. She can turn anything into full-fledged sex.

So our experience at the pool this past summer was a perfect example of how a seemingly innocent afternoon date can turn into an extravaganza. It's also a perfect example of what every date with Lisa is like.

The city pool had only been open a few days, and school wasn't even out yet. We made a date to go swimming on a Saturday, and when we arrived, there was practically no one there. In fact, they were still skimming off seed pods from nearby trees. So we decided to stretch out in the sun until the pool was ready for bathers.

We picked a spot at the far end of the sunbathing area, away from the few people who were there. Most of them were mothers with small children and were gathered around the kiddie pool at the other end of the facility. We spread out a couple of beach towels—and the first thing I knew, Lisa's top was off and her tits popped out before she lay down on her stomach.

Now, the last thing a guy needs at a public swimming pool is a hard-on,

self before coming up for air. I could keep myself from stiffening at the sight of those small, but firm, pink-tipped cones.

Lisa rolled over on her side and hunched her shoulders to give herself cleavage, and asked me to put some tanning oil on her. The wind hit her nipples and they rose up a little. Since I already had a hard-on—I figured, what's the difference now? I got a palmful of oil, which was warm from the sun, and spread it around on her back, kneading it into the muscles and making her back shine. Then I took my time working the oil toward her front, stopping to get another palmful. With my fingertips I applied just a smidgen to the tip of each tit, whirling it around in little circles until each nipple became a fully erect, wrinkled pinkness in the middle of each squeezable breast.

That led to my next move—squeezing them, of course. Slick with the lotion, her boobs squitched out of my hands as I tried to get a grip on them. I pressed them together; the oil in her cleavage made a tiny, hot sucking noise.

My erection was impossible to hide. It had the edge of my trunks pushed out, and the head of my prick found its way past the band of my jockstrap, with about an inch of the thing sticking out in the open air.

Spotting this, Lisa took her index finger and thumb and swished them around in the oil on her body. The next thing I knew she was playing with my dick, oiling it up by rolling the head around between her fingers. Her hand started moving faster, and I closed my eyes because I could hardly stand it. I was going to come any minute. Just as I felt I couldn't hold back any longer, she quit. My dick stood there—hot and ready. My balls swollen with juice, her tits staring me right in the face there in public—and she said to me, "Let's go for a swim."

Well, that's the end of the breast-stroke for today, I thought.

Still, I knew she was up to something because I recognized a certain look in her eye. It appeared that we were going to play some water games.

There were only a few more people at the pool by now, most of them kids who headed for the slide and the Sno-Cone machine, so it was empty at the deep end of the pool. She put her top back on and we dove in. When I came up, I could see that she was still underwater. She had let out her breath and had sunk to the bottom of the pool. Lit by the afternoon sun rippling through the water, her oil-covered body shone as I watched her slip one hand into her bikini bottoms. She began playing with her-

self before coming up for air.

At the edge of the pool I was hanging onto the aluminum ladder. When Lisa calmly swam by, I grabbed her by the edge of her bottoms, pulling her in by the elastic and leaving my hand neatly inside where it could find everything. She didn't stop me, but just looked at me with that same gleam in her eye and snuggled up closer to me as she grabbed the ladder with one hand.

At noon I had thought I was going to swim some laps and get a tan, but now I had my fingers up Lisa's cunt. The water was warm, but not as hot and juicy as those cunt walls I was feeling. My thumb found her clit, which was

I watched her slip one hand into her bikini bottoms. She began playing with herself before coming up for air.

already sticking out. At the same time, she had her hand around my cock and was frigging it right through my trunks.

When my fingers came out of her, they were soaked, but the pool's current quickly washed away the thick wetness. She hooked her foot on the bottom of the ladder and started fiddling with the knot on the drawstring of my trunks. I knew what she had in mind, and I looked around to see that the pool was still fairly empty.

To my chlorine-blurred eyes, it looked like the lifeguard could see us, but he didn't make a move toward his whistle as he sat there preoccupied with a magazine. If he didn't know what we were going to do in ten feet of water, I sure as shit wasn't going to tell him.

Lisa kept the top of her suit on for appearances, but she had popped one tit out the side just to keep me interested. She carefully draped her bottoms around the ladder so they wouldn't float away, and I pulled my trunks down to just under my balls so my whole dick was free. My balls felt tight in the water, but the rest of my meat was raring to go. It didn't take long before we figured out a way to hang on and get her legs around me. I faced the ladder and hung on with both hands, one on each side. And she got between me and the ladder and was able to sit down on me as I braced my legs on the side of the pool.

She was still pretty wet—and I don't mean from the pool—so I could slide my cock right into her without any hassle.


The water made her weigh practically nothing, so I was able to get a hand underneath her and feel her ass while she rode up and down on my cock. She was really getting into it now, and the water was churning between us from the force of our movement there in the pool. We weren't moving all that much, but enough to cause attention, so I moved in closer and jammed real hard. My dick tip smacked right up against the very back of her pussy, and I pushed in hard and stayed there. Lisa's wet face fell onto my shoulder, and I could hear her moan as she came.

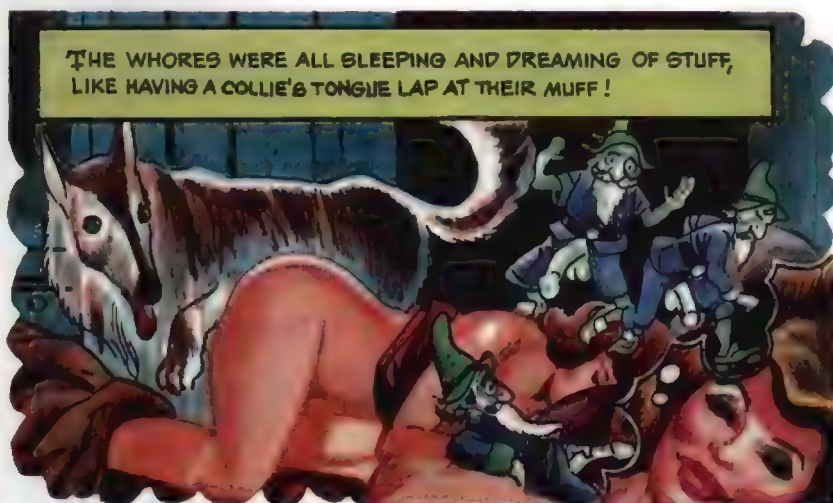
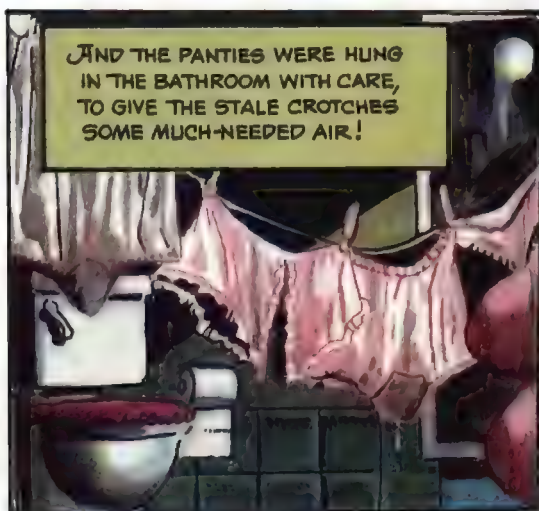
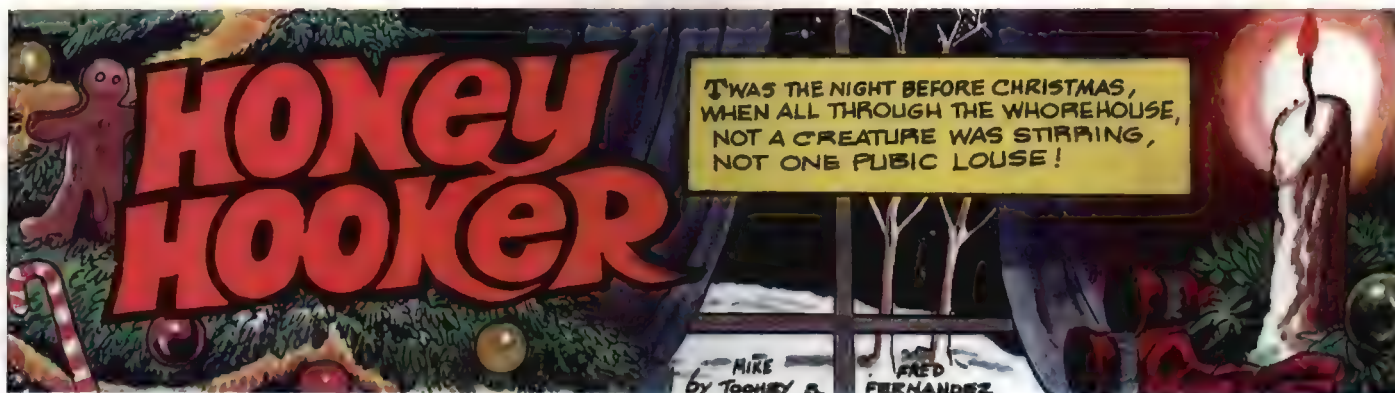
It was my turn now, and I could feel the cum starting to swell up in the base of my cock. But before I had a chance to spurt inside her, she slipped off me. It was the second time she'd done it to me that day, and that wasn't like her at all. I was getting tired of it and was about to tell her so when she took a big gulp of air and disappeared underwater. Then I knew she hadn't let me have her hand or her snatch because she was saving me for her mouth. An underwater blow job!

I could feel her mouth moving around my crotch, fastening on one of my balls like a horny fish and sucking until it snapped out of her mouth. She took my nut hairs and pulled on them, and then I felt her tongue. It was as hot as her cunt when I had first put my fingers into it. I began moving back and forth as she came up for air. We looked around to check that no one was watching. The lifeguard was still reading his magazine. Some protection, huh?

On the next trip down I was practically there when she stopped to surface for another gulp of air. I let her know with my eyes that I was ready to come. When she went down again, I got a real surprise. She blasted out her entire gulp of air against my cock head as I started to come. It really blew me away.

She didn't swallow the jism. I guessed she'd have had to take in the pool water too, which is a bummer. What I didn't expect to see, though, was my cum floating to the surface and skimming away on the water—long pearls streaming tails behind them until they vanished into the drain a few feet away.

It was an easy matter to get our suits back in their proper places and head back to our blanket as if nothing had happened. But that experience wasn't easy to forget. In fact, every time I put on my swimsuit now—even to sunbathe in the backyard—I get a hard-on for that redhead. And even though we haven't been able to pull off any other secret games at the pool, I know a swimming date will always lead to a good time afterward. 



YUP, ST. NICK HAD ARRIVED WITH HIS EIGHT-REINDEER TEAM. AND AS HE PARKED HIS SLEIGH, HONEY HATCHED OUT A SCHEME!

SANTA LOVES LITTLE ORPHANS WITH ALL OF HIS HEART, SO I'LL WEAR A DISGUISE AND DECEIVE THE OLD FART INTO THINKING I'M ONE, AND HE'LL FEEL SO SORRY THAT I'LL GET WHAT I WANT--A NEW RED FERRARI!

SO QUICKLY SHE SHAVED ALL THE HAIR OFF HER COOZE, DONNED A WIG AND A LITTLE-GIRL'S DRESS, SOCKS AND SHOES!

THEN SHE SLID DOWN THE BANISTER, LEAVING THE RAIL ALL COATED WITH CUNT JUICE, LIKE SLIME FROM A SNAIL!

MEANWHILE, UNDER THE TREE, SANTA TOOK HIS SWEET TIME, SHUNNED THE COKE THEY'D LEFT HIM FOR VODKA AND LIME!

THEN HE DISROBED A BARBIE DOLL, GAVE HER A FEEL AND SAID TO HIMSELF:

I WISH THIS CUNT WERE REAL!





HE GRUNTED AND PUFFED AND
HIS BEARD FILLED WITH DROOL
AS HE SPUN HER AROUND
LIKE AN ELF ON HIS TOOL!



FINALLY
HONEY
SAID...

...OLD MAN, GET YOUR ASS IN GEAR!
OR IS IT A FACT
YOU COME JUST ONCE A YEAR?



WELL, YOU DON'T INSULT SANTA,
AS HONEY SOON LEARNED.
INSTEAD OF A SPORTS CAR,
THE REDHEAD GOT BURNED!

SST



AND AS SANTA RODE OFF,
HONEY SAID WITH A LEER...

...YOU'RE A POTBELLED ASSHOLE
AND PROBABLY QUEER!

NEXT MONTH: HONEY VISITS
THE UNDERSEA WORLD
OF JACQUES LE STRAP.

(continued from page 122)

"Come on, man, gimme a break."

"I don't know if it's a break, exactly. She's been messing around with Gray. She's living with him. Willy knows."

"Thanks. I'll come by sometime. Take care."

"Take it easy, B. C."

B. C. opens his shaving kit, takes two white tablets from a bottle and pops them into his mouth. He thinks of catching a few more minutes of sleep before the tabs take effect, but he decides that he'd rather not go through the agony of waking up again. He takes the kit and his change of underwear to the bathroom. Not until he has shaved and showered does he notice the effect of the methedrine. He grins, knowing that he'll be ambulatory, but cranky as hell, for the next eight hours. After dressing, B. C. goes to the kitchen for another swallow of beer and a slice of Gouda. He sees the lights of the city spread out before him; from a church roof on Smith Hill a giant blue neon cross advertises, or perhaps appeases, God.

Paul Gray is not a young man. His body is covered with a random pattern of bristly gray hairs and three-dimensional moles. But he is strong and so wiry that his strength seems almost twisted to Jill. His cock feels like a corkscrew to her as he rams it up her ass.

They are on a bearskin rug in front of a fireplace. A log is lit on the hearth, and Jill, close enough that her face is perspiring, has her long, slender body draped over a hassock, with Gray busily butt-fucking her. Butt-fucking is Gray's favorite position, doggy-style his second choice. It seems that he doesn't like positions from which Jill can see him. As he kneads her breasts, he humps away at her asshole. Jill has a hand in her crotch, her thumb massaging her clit while two of her fingers gush in and out of her cunt. Since she is not particularly aroused by Gray's attentions, she finds that it is easier to make herself come than to fake an orgasm. Gray has amazing stamina; if she doesn't do something, he'll cornhole her forever.

At the time they started sleeping together, she was his regular Wednesday lay. She had not remained faithful to B. C. for long, because that was not in their agreement, though she had been making an effort not to go to bed with anyone he knew. But Gray had come around regularly, inviting her to lunch or supper, and when she accepted, he took her to the most expensive places.

When she'd decided to go to work, Gray had pulled a few strings and had

Jill opens her eyes and suddenly announces, "B. C. is back in town." Paul Gray's prick shrinks inside her.

gotten her the welfare job. He'd invited her up to his place to celebrate and, two bottles of champagne and a couple of dozen smoked oysters later, she found him kissing her neck and reaching up under her dress to caress her thighs.

She was turned on then, facing him so she could thrust her tongue into his mouth and letting him slide his hand into the top of her panty hose to seek out the wet warmth of her cunt. She discovered that he was sensitive to her rhythms; each thrust of her tongue into his mouth was answered by a finger sliding into her pussy. She imagined that she was eating herself out and, as she became more excited, she ripped her blouse open to squeeze her own nipples. When she came, it was a more violent explosion of passions than she'd entertained since her husband had left.

Then Gray pulled Jill's hose and panties down around her ankles, and she opened his pants, exposing his slightly misshapen cock. He pulled her onto his lap. Facing him, she began to work up and down on his member while he sucked her tits and squeezed her ass.

It didn't take her long to come. She had climax after thundering climax, and Gray sucked harder and harder on her erect nipples as she moaned and finally screamed with pleasure. At last, without

warning, he shoved one finger from each hand and his cock into her puckered, brown asshole and came into her in long, shuddering streams of hot jism. She'd never felt anything like it. She voiced her ecstasy as powerful contractions of her cunt raised her up and then made her plunge down with all her might on his shaft. Afterwards, she lay on the floor at his feet with her ripped panty hose around her ankles, her skirt bunched at her waist, and her blouse torn open to reveal breasts standing straight up, with her nipples bigger than she'd ever seen them before. "You can have me whenever you want."

"Wednesdays," he smiled.

The next morning the gifts began, with a new blouse. As time went on, she got to like the gifts better than the sex. It took her a long time to persuade Gray to undress completely when he fucked her, and it was then that he began to prefer the back roads. Now she is his almost every night, and she has to stroke her own clit and imagine other men whispering romantically in her ear.

Jill feels the passion well up in her, the juice produced by her cunt covering her hand. She moans, partly as a signal to Gray; his thrusts take on a more ragged rhythm. She screams as the contractions begin, as the first hot spurts of his cum splash into her bowels. Gray's strokes are unrelenting, almost brutal, and she imagines for a moment that she is working her largest vibrator in and out of the asshole of the young sailor she had met this afternoon. It is a satisfying fantasy, and she rolls off the cushion as Gray pulls out of her, more aroused than she's been any time during their love-making this evening. "Fuck my pussy,"

(continued on page 135)





MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order. Companies that would like to have products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to Mail-Order Feedback (Product Review). Also, we'll advise customers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert our readers to frauds and faulty products.

By Todd David Schwartz

PUD PILLOWETTE

Do you enjoy beating your meat? Of course! What's good enough for Billy Carter is good enough for you! Yet most of us have had to suffer the frustration of cold moments when our hand laments, "Not tonight, dear, I've got a thumbache."

On those occasions, you might employ the services of a Jac-Pack. This is a sleeve about 8½" x 8" that inflates to the approximate size of a large cantaloupe. Functioning on the doughnut principle, it creates a cushiony orifice that runs through the center. You can pump your pork into the Jac-Pack by holding it, or by inserting your stiffened penis into the opening and lying on your stomach so the tunnel is parallel to your body. As you rock in and out, your weight will keep the Jac-Pack in place.

The tightness of the hole is regulated by the degree of inflation. Before you blow it up—even after you do—the function of this fuckable beach ball will not be discernible to the unknowing eye, making it easy to carry into restaurants or houses of worship.

The five-fingered method of self-stimulation will always be the cheapest, most convenient way to whip your lizard. But—as is the case with the majority of masturbation toys—the Jac-Pack provides, at least mentally, the sensation that you are schtupping part of someone else's body.

It will be necessary to use a lubricant with Jac-Pack, but not petroleum jelly, because it makes the soft plastic surface less pliant. This whack-off invention comes with a half-ounce sample of Jac-Ream, a vitamin E-enriched, slippery moisturizer. But K-Y Jelly or lubricants with similar nonpetroleum ingredients may work just as well. Also included with the Jac-Pack is a zippered carrying pouch. Normally costing \$8.95 by mail from *Jac-Masters, Inc.* (757 North La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069), the Jac-Pack is yours for a discount price of \$6.95 if you tell them you read about it in *HUSTLER*.

Space prohibits us from including a complete listing of Dependable Dealers and Shifty Sellers in each issue, but we will periodically supply you with the most outstanding in each category—based on reports from our readers.

Add the following to the names that appeared in the September 1977 issue of *HUSTLER* for an up-to-date listing. Copies of the complete list may be obtained by sending 50 cents (for postage and handling) to Mail-Order Feedback.

DEPENDABLE DEALERS

The Pleasure Chest
120 Eleventh Avenue
New York, New York 10011

Mercury Services
P.O. Box 95756
Cleveland, Ohio 44101

The Legend Gallery
152 Seventh Avenue South
New York, New York 10014

Herrn Stephen
Postfach 400262
D-7000
Stuttgart 40, West Germany

SHIFTY SELLERS

K. S. Company
P.O. Box 3744
Beverly Hills, California 90212

Rhinebeck Brothers
P.O. Box 1925
New York, New York 10001

Cole Supply (or Cole Products)
P.O. Box 46014
Los Angeles, California 90046

M&K Diving and Marine Salvage Corp.
P.O. Box 1528
New York, New York 10001

FEEDBACK LETTERS

My husband and I ordered two dolls from *World Doll Imports* (7471 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90046). Their ad read, in part: "Real, lifelike, solid (not inflated) dolls. Complete in every detail, perfectly proportioned, open mouth, vagina and anus, functioning organs, simulates actual body action . . ."

Of course, the *World Doll Imports* ad gives the impression that these dolls can be used as surrogate sex partners. They come in male and female versions at \$4.95 each, or both for \$7.95.

We sent in \$7.95 and couldn't believe the "lifelike dolls" we received. The dolls were both maybe an inch big and were attached to a key chain.

K. O.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

You get what you pay for. Considering that the average price for a usable fuck doll is \$30—the cost is often as high as \$60—you shouldn't have expected much. *World Doll Imports* told us that if you return the trinkets, they will send you a refund or a credit slip.

But since this company doesn't seem to be selling any other products, a credit slip isn't going to do a hell of a lot of good. An intelligent way to avoid mail-order maggots like *World Doll Imports* is by comparison shopping and by constantly keeping yourself informed about what other sexually oriented mail-order businesses are selling and how much they are charging for their merchandise.

I would like to thank you for the assistance you gave me in obtaining an order from *Erik Imports* in California.

Many months ago I sent them a \$91 money order for some films, but I received only half of my order. After writing them letters and even making long-distance phone calls without success, I informed the postal authorities as well as the Better Business Bureau out in Los Angeles.

I finally wrote to *HUSTLER*. I didn't really think you'd help, but I wanted to warn other readers as to what might happen to them. I was pleasantly surprised when I recently received the other half of my order.

I'm sure that *HUSTLER* was instrumental in bringing this matter to a satisfactory conclusion. Thank you.

H. S.
Deerfield Beach, Florida

Glad we could help. Most of the Feedback letters we've received seem to indicate that *Erik Imports* (2326 Cotner Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90064) is usually quite reliable and willing to rectify customer complaints.

If you have any problems with the service that you receive from any mail-order advertisers, including those in *HUSTLER*, write us a letter so we can alert other readers to possible rip-offs. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts about the incident. We'll contact the firm and check it out for you. If you have dealt with a good, reliable company, we would like to know that too. Please address all such correspondence to: *HUSTLER* Magazine, Mail-Order Feedback, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

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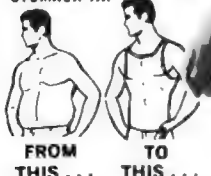
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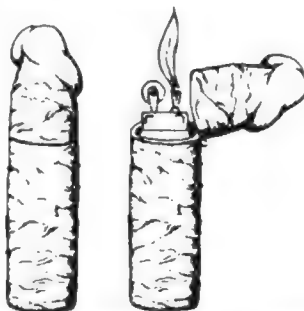


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(continued from page 129)

she commands. She closes her eyes as Gray wipes his cock on her panties and positions himself over her.

She isn't supposed to look at him as he hovers above her, but after she has come twice, quickly and with diminishing intensity, she opens her eyes and announces, "B. C. is in town. Will saw him." Gray's prick shrinks inside her. It is an exciting sensation for her. Gray rolls off and reaches for his shirt.

"We'd better not stay here," he says, "until we know what he's going to do. Go to the trailer. I'll meet you out there later tonight."

She gets up. After using them to wipe her ass and cunt, she throws her panties into the fire. The nylon melts, then flares. As she steps into her skirt, she turns her almost-perfect body around to give Gray the best possible view of her firm breasts. There are dozens of pairs of panties in the dresser upstairs, but she drives off in the cold without them. She'll masturbate in a hot tub when she arrives at their country hideaway.

She has never been able to make Gray lose his erection so quickly. Later tonight she will experiment with this new power. Perhaps she'll be able to force him to take a vibrator up his ass while he licks her pussy and she sucks on his limp cock. It will certainly be an interesting evening, she thinks.

It is not until after the bars have closed that B. C., planning and worrying, hears Willy's steps on the stairs. He sits in the kitchen, chain-smoking cigarettes and guzzling beer. He feels as if he is about to spring a trap.

Willy is drunk and a little surprised to see B. C. on his feet. "What's the matter, man? Can't sleep?"

B. C. grins. "The telephone rang, Willy. Damn thing woke me up. I thought I'd better get up and give you the message myself."

"What was that?"

"Mortimer called. Good ol' Mortimer. He said something about a bunch of paintings you'd lost. He wanted to tell you something."

"Great. That's how I got this." He holds up his injured arm. "Two nights ago a couple of guys jumped me out in the driveway. They got away with half a dozen little oils I'd just got. Musta been worth at least a coupla grand. Good stuff. What did Mort say?"

A few things are falling into place. It's time, B. C. decides, for some harder questions. "Willy, you lied to me."

"About the coat? Really, it was in storage."

"No, not about the coat. Keep the

As Jill steps into her skirt, she turns her almost-perfect body around to give Gray the best view of her firm breasts.

goddamn coat. About Jill. You know about her and Gray and, Willy, he's the one who ripped you off. Ask Mort."

B. C. takes the receiver out of its cradle and hands it to Willy, who stares at it for a minute before dialing.

"It's me. Willy."

A moment passes as Mort transmits the bad news.

"Are you sure?"

Another minute, long enough for one of Mort's pauses this time. B. C. can't hear Mort's words, but from Willy's face he can guess their drift. As usual, Mort's news is the worst in town and probably the most accurate.

"Thanks. See you."

Willy sits for a while, staring at B. C. He reaches out, takes B. C.'s glass and drains it. B. C. can afford to be kind now; he gets the rest of the quart of beer from the refrigerator and puts it in front of Willy, who pours and takes a long drink before he speaks.

"I should have told you the truth. I knew that Jill and Gray had a thing goin', but she and I were pretty close for a while. It was her that had Gray send the guys for the pictures. It turns out they were worth more than I thought. She fucked me over, man."

"You too. Where is she?"

"Probably at Gray's. When she's not

there, she stays in a trailer house he's got out in Scituate."

"In one of those trailer parks?"

"No. Just sitting out on some land he owns. Nice spot—woods, babbling brook, the whole bit. He's gonna put up some kinda subdivision out there."

"Fucking land-raping, house-wrecking wife-stealer. Let's go, Willy."

Down the stairs, then, to the Toyota. The meth is working now. B. C. is mad; his anger mixes with the methedrine in a hard-crystal rage. He unlocks the passenger-side door for Willy and wipes snow from the windshield and rear window before climbing in. He starts the engine and they drive off.

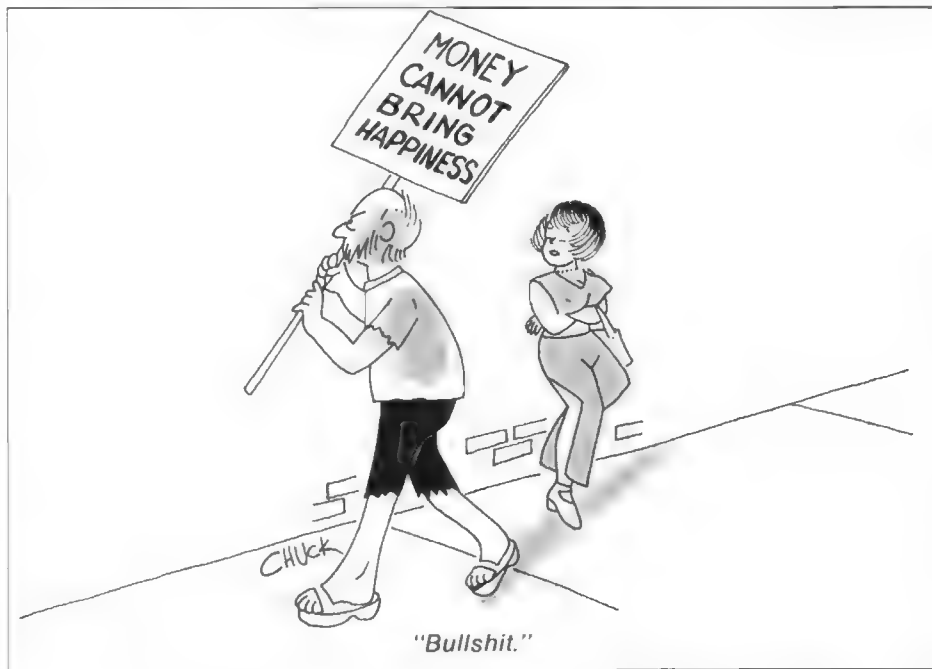
Willy leans hard on Paul Gray's doorbell, but there is no answer. He considers breaking in, but the red indicator light reminds him that the house is equipped with an alarm system. He returns to the car.

"They're not here. Let's try the place out in Scituate."

"Lead on, Willy, lead on."

B. C. drives hard in a silence that is broken only as Willy gives him directions to the trailer. It's snowing harder, and B. C. has the defroster and wipers going full blast. Finally, Willy indicates a side road off to the left on Highway 116. There are a few houses near the intersection, but farther up the road there are only lanes leading to old scattered farms. A little less than three miles from the highway a new paved road branches off to the right. There are tire tracks in the fresh snow. Willy motions to turn, and B. C. pulls in and shuts off his headlights.

"It's maybe four or five hundred yards more. This road follows the ridge, and the trailer is on sort of a knoll above



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the stream there. A really nice spot."
B. C. doesn't reply. He gets out and engages the hubs, then walks up the road a bit, as if testing it. When he returns to the Toyota, he throws the lever that engages the four-wheel drive and eases up the road, headlights out.
Soon B. C. sees that the trailer is indeed on a knoll, between the road and the streambed. All the lights are out. B. C. drives to within 50 yards and stops, cuts the engine and gets out, leaving the door ajar.

"They're in there, Willy."

"Whataya wanna do?" Willy asks.

"You got a chance of getting your stuff back?"

"Naw."

"You care what happens to Jill?"

"She's with him, B. C. You care?"

"If I had a chance, I missed it."

B. C. goes to the back of the Toyota, opens the tailgate and takes out a length of chain with hooks at each end. He loops one end around the trailer hitch and hands the other to Willy. "Back me up to it, Willy."

Getting back in, B. C. starts the Toyota and drops it into reverse. Willy guides him through the blowing snow to the trailer's hitch. B. C. puts the Toyota in neutral, sets the brake and hops out to check the situation.

"Willy, how does the heat work?"

"Electric. Stove too. I can cut power at the pole if you want."

"Good. Give me a minute."

B. C. takes a couple of turns around the frame of the hitch and hooks the end back through the chain itself. He walks once around the trailer, not knowing if he is looking for a better purchase for the chain or if he is hesitating, looking for a handle on his marriage. He finds neither. Under one window he thinks he hears a moan, but he can't tell if it is a man's or a woman's.

B. C. checks on Willy at the power pole and gets back in the Land Cruiser, guns the engine and hits the lights. Willy pulls the lever and stands back. Letting out the clutch, B. C. heads diagonally down the steepest part of the hill. The darkened trailer swings, the end with the hitch leans out over the slope, pipes break, wires snap and, suddenly, the cinder-block foundation crumbles. The mobile home, mobile again, begins to slide. B. C. cuts the wheel hard to the left. Slack gathers in the chain for an instant and then, as he accelerates, it tightens and the hook snaps off. He heads back up, the trailer heads down. It slides down the hill obliquely, noses into the creek and rolls over. B. C. can't hear, but he imagines screams and curses inside. He stops for Willy. Smiling quietly, they drive toward Providence and home.

INDIAN NATION

(continued from page 91)

are given a tour by Tom Oxendine, the BIA's public information officer. The fifth floor, full of '30s-style murals and late-19th-century oils of Indian leaders displayed next to modern Indian prints and charcoal sketches, is quite active. This bureaucracy of 13,000 people controls the budgeting of every Indian reservation in the United States.

It appears that Oxendine holds his very important PIO title by virtue of his singular talent for talking three hours on end without passing a single shred of information to the listener. In 1965, as a Navy information officer, he helped formulate the U.S. government's public-relations blitz following the Gulf of Tonkin (Vietnam) incident.

He moved from the Pentagon to the BIA in 1970 and was in complete control of information release for the U.S. government during the Wounded Knee Siege—a position he used as a military tactical weapon. Under the command of Colonel Volney Warner, shadow commander of the U.S. operations for the 71 days at Pine Ridge, Oxendine orchestrated the publicity that dominated news coverage of Wounded Knee and subsequent Indian demonstrations around the country.

"Certainly manipulating and timing

the release of information to the press during Wounded Knee was an important factor in winning that skirmish," Oxendine admits. He is directly responsible for misleading the public to believe that the invasion of Pine Ridge by American Indian Movement militants was part of a Communist conspiracy.

But eventually the truth came out: Hundreds of residents of the reservation, in sheer desperation, terrorized by goon squads and the Federal Bureau of Investigation, decided to make a stand for their own existence. The inhabitants themselves invited the AIM people to come on the reservation and knew nothing at all about Communism.

In fact, most Indians are just about as dull or as interesting as everybody else. Indian politicians, bureaucrats, farmers, storekeepers, carpenters, welders, salesmen and actors are indistinguishable from the Wops, Kikes, Micks, Chinks, Krauts, Nips, Nigras, Spicks and all the other muttbloods that comprise the United States in the 1970s.

Oxendine, architect of the world's headlines for two-and-a-half months at Pine Ridge (and for the last seven years at the BIA), has contributed to any potential white backlash with a surer hand than any other individual on the national scene.

In our conversation, Oxendine avoids specific comments. I can only get him to

say yes or no on a dozen issues. After several boring, meaningless monologues, he eventually confirms my own worst suspicions. Oxendine, a Lumbee Indian from North Carolina, nods jadedly in agreement that there is an Indian educational crisis.

Yes, alcoholism is a major problem, he drones, as are other health needs of Indians: a shortage of doctors, the highest infant mortality rate in the country. Yes, the highest suicide rate; yes, the highest crime rate; yes, the highest rape, assault and murder rates. Yes, the lowest income level of all Americans. Yes, the highest unemployment—up to 90 percent on certain reservations. Yes, the Navajo will be destroyed by the coal-gasification plants and strip-mining; and yes, when the coal is gone the Navajo will be left with no natural resources. Yes, the energy crisis will mean using Navajo water for the sluicing of coal through pipelines to other processing plants. Yes, the water will have to come from the Navajo Indian Irrigation Project. Yes, the Indians are being tricked by the corporations into 99-year leases. Yes, the very same thing is happening to the Cheyenne and the Sioux, to the Crow and the Hopi.

"Yes," Tom Oxendine almost shouts at me, "the mining companies are like bandits on the reservations. But that's not our Affair!"



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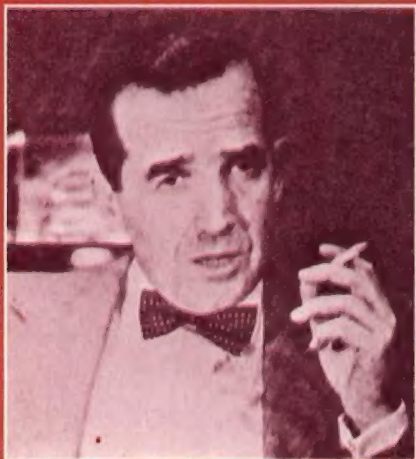
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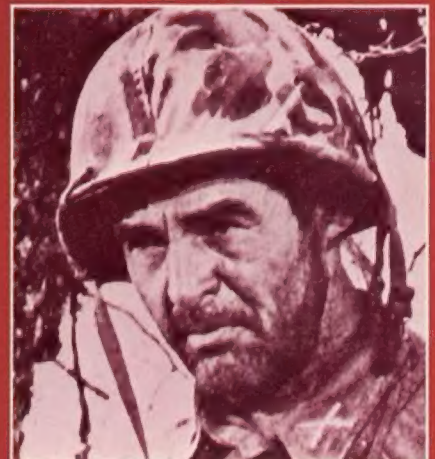
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